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H. G. Wells on Conquering Fear

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Your Sensitive Body

★

Short Cuts to Friend-Making

★

How to Read Your Newspaper

★

Why Don't You Speak Up?

★

The Coronet Gallery of Art and Photographs

★

—AND 18 OTHER FEATURES BY

IVAN BUNIN

MANUEL KOMROFF

FRED C. KELLY

VINCENT STARRETT

ANDRÉ BIRABEAU

AND OTHERS

CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

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WHAT LIFE HAS TAUGHT ME

H. G. WELLS TAKES STOCK: NOTES ON THE ABIDING LESSONS OF LIFE, ON FACING PAIN AND DEATH

I HAVE found life as a teacher rather apt to begin with broad but unsound propositions, and then to qualify them and whittle them down, so much so, that at last they were the mere shadows and sometimes even inversions of the original assurance. At first, for example, life persuaded me that the whole world was made for me and absolutely secure, and that if everything was not exactly as I wished it, I had just to squall and things would be put right.

I gurgled and bubbled when the something that was not myself, the world about me, was complaisant, and I yelled at it, generally with excellent effect, whenever it failed me. And I grew up to the crawling, tottering stage of humanity without any serious disillusionment about my primary importance in the scheme of things.

Presently shadows came into my unqualified lordship. I think that they came first through dreams. I lived in a protective but expanding world, but somewhere in it there lurked something inimical, something to be feared.

In various ways, kicking and biting for instance, I battled against the powers of unbelief, and at adolescence I was still clinging to the conviction that I was central to my universe. But by then, my first innate self-confidence was sorely beset by an increasing swarm of incompatible facts, and the conflict had opened out and shifted its terrain.

The more I listened to the explanations of theology, the less I liked them. I could not bring myself to believe in some small-minded, personal Deity, a sort of nursery-maid Providence, who could fetch and carry for me behind the screen of the stars, and when I turned from the infinitely great to the infinitely little, I found as little trace of any such friendly agent, among the atoms. Sufficient to me and more than enough for my powers, was my

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own little life. That was my job. It took me the best half of a lifetime to attain that much humility.

Our little lives go on, I had to learn, within a framework, silent, enormous and entirely inexplicable. We are bounded by the circling stars and by the dance of the atom systems, and though we do not possess, we belong. "You and your sort and your fusses are not everything; by our measure they are scarcely anything." The stars say that plainly to us and they say no more. They put us in our place and show no further concern about us. Because the universe has lost its subservience to us that does not detract from—rather it increases—our significance to ourselves. There is greatness and it reflects upon us.

The less I was able to shift the responsibility for my conduct to anything outside myself, to any outer law, commandments or leadership, the more I realized the intensity of my responsibility to my conscience, to an inescapable personal mystery within. I can explain conscience no more than I can explain the stars, but with every year of life I recognize its sole and imperative authority as to what I can do, may do and must not do. There are things I have to do to the best of my ability and things I will be damned if I do. To fail the former or to yield to the latter is a living death.

The humility that comes from a frank recognition of one's limitations and blunderings but which still keeps upright, is the direct antithesis of pietistic self-abasement and surrender. One can be an ant in the dust and yet as proud as the devil in the face of king, party, priest, church, medicine-man, know-all-teacher, slave-owner or any other adversary to the liberty of being. I may be a midget but I will be damned if I will distort myself for any consideration whatever.

I have given this much space to the fundamental interpretation of existence to which life has brought me, because all the other lessons I have learnt can be made clear only in relation to that. One lesson I have learnt very slowly is to discriminate among my moods. I am still learning that. In my ardent youth I did not begin to suspect how inconsistent I could be. I said a thing and stuck to it, suppressing any subsequent questionings, and so I did many harsh, unjust or inconsiderate things and then justified them angrily. The fear of "weakness" is very strong in youth, and it takes us some time to learn the finer reality that at

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bottom our characters are all in a piece together and that we destroy something in ourselves when we suppress an inconsistency. That is not strength but egotistical pedantry.

Acknowledging our inconsistencies does not mean repudiating our responsibilities. When one does anything wrong one has to stand up to the consequences. The proper consequences of an error are, like it or not, frank admission and reparation. I have still the natural "what-I-have-said-I-have-said" disposition, but I find that life has taught me to hold things back for reconsideration whenever I can, correct more carefully and restrain my indignation when I am misunderstood. It is as natural as hiccups to believe that people who contradict or misunderstand you are animated by malice, and I have found the suppression of that disposition a difficult bit of self-training.

One series of lessons throughout my life has been the suppression of fear in a number of forms. One of them is the fear of pain. When I was young I used to have a shrinking horror of pain. I read about torments and I mused over instruments of torture. I used to think, "No. I could not endure that. I could not face it. I should squeal. I should give in. I should cringe and beg. And then what would be left of me?" "It" perhaps was the Inquisition—or Red Indians. My mother, dear woman, was humbugged by a half crown dentist and several of my first set of teeth were prematurely extracted. That set a standard. What if that wrench was multiplied by a hundred, say, and prolonged!

But life has taught me that the possibilities of pain have been much exaggerated. You would not feel a tooth extraction multiplied by a hundred; you would not feel it multiplied by ten. Beyond certain limits the appreciation of pain ceases just as the appreciation of light ceases beyond the red and violet of the spectrum. You can outface pain. Pain wavers more than you do, and beyond a quite low limit it blots itself out. Pain has no steadiness. Its onset is a disagreeable surprise and that is about the worst of it. If you can realize this simple proposition "It will pass. It will surely pass," you will either find yourself presently on the other side of pain or else you will no longer be aware that it ever approached you. But for nearly every distressful phase of living, "It will pass" is a sure protection.

And another phobia that haunts

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the young and diminishes steadily as we learn more of life, is the fear of death. That, paradoxically enough, is because the young cannot realize they will ever die. They think of death as living still but in a muffled state.

The other day, reading some rather nonsensical stuff about immortality, I came upon an attempt to exaggerate the horror of death by calling it "eternal extinction." But there is no such thing as extinction that *goes on*, any more than there are countless pages after the end of a book. And in my youth I was tormented by such frightfully suggestive phrases as "the death agony." In ordinary death there is evidently a steady, merciful ebb of sensation, and even in a dreadful-seeming death such as being burnt alive, death must come as a complete cessation of pain.

Your death may be inconvenient or distressing for others, so that you should do your best to die considerately, but you will never know of it, it will never trouble nor inconvenience you. Death is a sleep and a forgetting; you will never know that you are dead.

The building up of this assurance that neither pain nor death can abase me if I refuse to be abased, has been the fundamental shape of my life education. It is the backbone of my creed of Mystical Stoicism. Life has taught me very many other things in gross and detail, but this is as much as I can tell in the compass of one short article. —H. G. WELLS

WANTED: REFUGE FOR MASTERPIECES

Most people translate the threat of impending disaster into terms of their own personal welfare. But with war clouds hovering over Europe, one art connoisseur, at least, is less concerned with his own safety than that of his art treasures. In a letter addressed to the publisher of Coronet, George H. Coryell, collector residing in Belgium, writes:

"Because your publication has proved itself invaluable to the amateur of fine arts and the savant alike, I am taking the liberty of putting this unusual request to you. With the threat of conflict overshadowing this section of the globe, I am concerned for the safety of my private collection of old masters. I would gladly loan it free of charge to any municipal or private agency in America that will allow the general public to view these works."

Mr. Coryell lists a total of 107 works in his collection, including many paintings of the Flemish School, an authentic Van Dyck and paintings attributed to Rubens and Perugino.

Any takers?

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THERE GO THE THIEVES

DOWN THROUGH THE PAGES OF HISTORY THEY TROOP, BUT THEY WEAR A STRANGE DISGUISE

As for myself, give me good honest murder or rape! Lying and stealing are too petty. And there is a meanness about them that can't be overcome. But from time to time strange arguments have been presented to defend theft and give it a nobility which it certainly has not.

The process of defending theft is the same today as it was in ancient times. It consists of the simple device of attributing to the thief a trait or a condition for which he is not to be blamed. It takes a single act and raises it into a national virtue. For the good of society all crimes are pardonable.

The wise Montaigne tells us "Lycurgus considered theft from the point of view of quickness, the agility, the impudence and skill with which a neighbor was done out of a thing, and the benefit which rebounded to the people in general by every man looking more carefully to the safe-keeping of what was his; and believed that this double instruction in attack and defense was to the advantage of military discipline (which was the principal science and virtue in which he desired to train his people) and of much greater consideration than the disorder and injustice resulting from the purloining of others' property."

The use of an evil to correct a fault may not always be excused in an individual. But place the act on a national footing and at once the cloak of virtue is draped over the crime.

During the French Revolution a certain criminal had the good fortune to be defended before a tribunal by the eloquent Jean Paul Marat. The prisoner was not part of that hungry looting mob set wild by liberty. His crime was just plain robbery.

Marat rose and addressed the Revolutionary Tribunal. "Citizens: If Society has the right to condemn a man, then she is also bound to assure him of a human

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existence. If she merely hampers him and compels him to live in misery until he is forced to separate himself from society, then he merely takes in his own hands the rights which, without reason, have been withheld from him."

The president of the judges rang the bell angrily. "Citizen Marat," he cried, "you are attempting to justify theft and crime!"

"I justify nothing. But I only assert that your society is unjust and being unjust you lack the basis on which to punish crime. For society, to support its own existence and command respect of the people, must first of all satisfy the needs of man. But what has been the miserable lot of the common people?"

With this beginning, and using those well chosen phrases that had grown so popular during the Revolution—the Revolution which worshiped Reason and gave her the sacred robes of a goddess—he went on to declare that the State was a collection of happy people whose life was gaiety itself, pitted against a whole class who had nothing but suffering, hunger, toil, and received from society only sneers and insult. Then he shouted at the top of his voice that it was always the ruling class which drove the poor to despair and did not allow them the barest necessities of life. Necessity drives man into desperation. He violates law and order; but the law and order that he violates is one that he cannot respect for it gives to part of society a comfortable existence while it crushes the other.

Marat runs on eloquently in his defense, describing the advantages of wealth and how if you have wealth you require "no talents, no merits, no virtues." The rich have all the privileges and the whole navy is built solely for their defense. They hold the control of the army, the purse-strings of national expenditure and the right to plunder the wealth of the nation.

Then he gives a picture of his wretched prisoner denied of employment, broken by hunger and illness, dressed in rags and sleeping each night on straw. Driven by despair his poor prisoner "under the shelter of night . . . took by force a trifle from a passer-by." By so doing he made use of his natural rights. "You may sentence him if you think this necessary to secure society's unlawful possessions."

And in a final outburst Marat spoke as though he himself were the prisoner: "In the face of the

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untold suffering which I have gone through, my one consolation has been to denounce heaven for allowing me to be born amongst you." In other words the criminal has been badly injured by mere contact with his fellow men.

So confused were the judges by the national issues brought to the tribunal that the criminal was acquitted. The language that glorified the Revolution was used to pardon a common theft. And the language changes very little from one age to another.

In the name of society and the glory of his own country Napoleon plundered the treasures of Egypt and Italy. It must have grieved him no end not to be able to bring back the pyramids. Napoleon also counterfeited the money of his enemy countries; for then when his army moved into these lands he could pay his men in the currency of the realm. Why should he give out good French money when he could pay the soldiers in counterfeit Russian notes?

Counterfeiting is certainly a form of theft, though in the name of society and for the glory of its people a mint may issue worthless paper and force it upon a large public. That is why some countries constantly need the advice of "currency wizards." These gentlemen are the economic Marats of our present day. They have the technical language that glorifies their manipulations and dispels bad conscience. There is no lack of language and for the glory of the race or of society, no theft is really a theft.

It was in "the name of religion" that stained glass windows were removed from German freighters by English merchant marine and placed in English cathedrals. In "the name of art" the Venus de Milo was captured on the high seas and brought to France. In "the name of science" the beautiful old Chinese bronze astronomical instruments were removed from the Pekin Palace Gardens, during the Boxer Rebellion, and brought to Berlin.

It is for "the glory of society" that stealing becomes a fine art. It requires but a few chosen phrases, the eloquent language of a Marat, or the comforting terminology of economic wizards, and at once it is raised to noble heights. Yet we need merely scan a few pages from the past to know this noble practice for what it really is. And the lesson learned is only too timely.

—MANUEL KOMROFF

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TECHNIQUE OF PAINTING—I

A Study of the Brushwork of Four Masters

IN A sense, the brushwork in a painting means nothing —it is merely the artist's handwriting, and he can be just as eloquent in one style as he might be in any other. But in another sense, the brushwork is everything—it is the one element that, more than any other, gives a painting its individuality. Rembrandt with a different type of brushwork wouldn't be Rembrandt; he would be somebody else. The earliest painters knew nothing more than to imitate nature. There are no brush strokes in nature, therefore they sought to conceal their strokes. But in the 17th century painting evolved into a franker art, and the instrumentation became evident. Brought into close view with the master works of the past and present, we can read the artist, as well as his method, in his brushwork almost as a graphologist reads handwriting.

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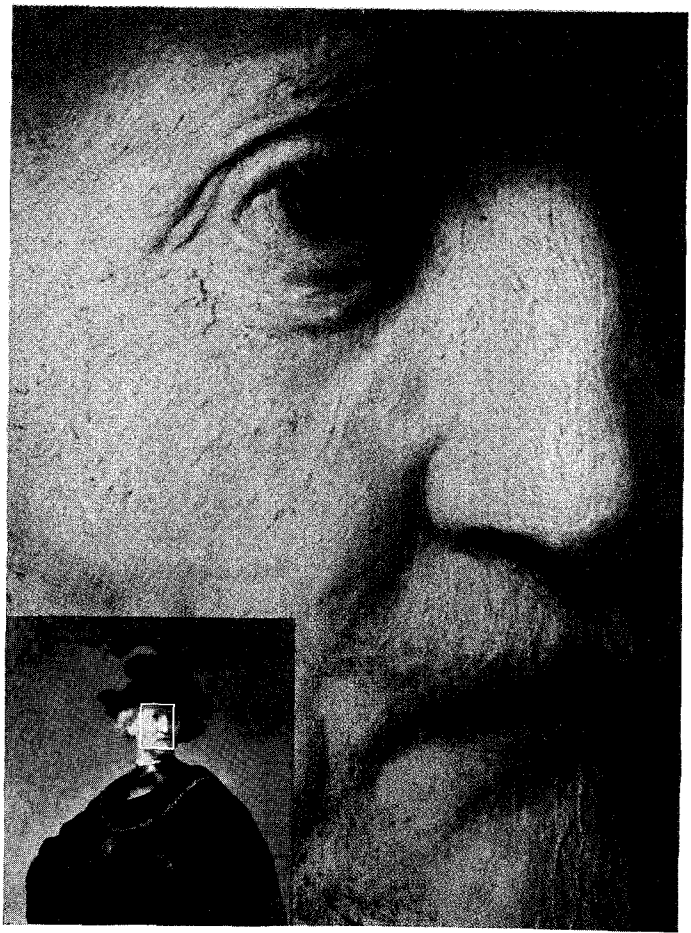

ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO W. W. KIMBALL COLL.

PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER BY REMBRANDT

For sheer calculation of brushwork, Rembrandt outmatched them all. It is almost as if the brush strokes here were applied directly on a face, rather than on a flat surface, so adroitly do they build up the contours and etch in the reality of every wrinkle. The strokes that form the beard are not mere indications of hair but an exact recreation of the way hair actually grows. Yet the victory is more than a technical one: the tired eye of an old man was never painted with so much soul.

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ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO MRS. L. L. COBURN COLL.

AUVERS-SUR-OISE BY CÉZANNE

The brushwork in this fragment of a village panorama offers a contrast to the Rembrandt study. Here form is achieved not so much through systematic modeling of the brush strokes as through the juxtaposition of color areas. The distinct textural quality of the painting derives from the coarseness of the canvas, which serves almost as lathe-work on which pigment is applied like plaster. There are no sharply defined strokes: Cézanne was striving more for general effect than for detail.

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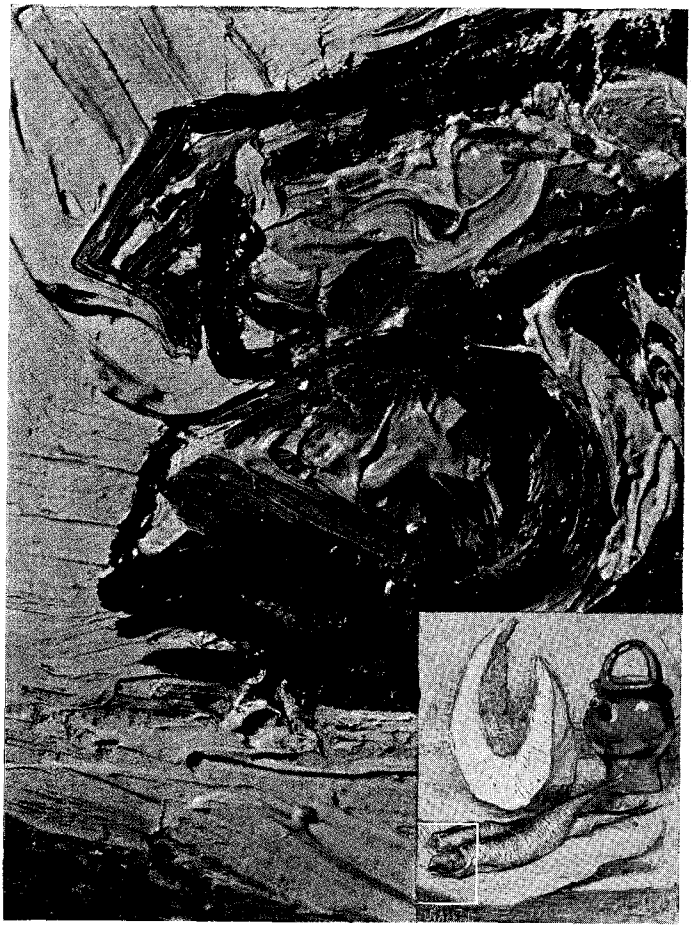

ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO — HELEN BIRCH BARTLETT MEMORIAL COLL.

STILL LIFE BY VAN GOGH

A graphologist might read in these turbulent brush strokes, without straining the point, a true indication of the artist's "lust for life." The vividness of the colors, the impulsiveness of their application, the unrestrained piling on of pigment—all these are straight out of the emotional boiling pot of Vincent van Gogh. Even so, the technical sense is there. Note the brush strokes forming the paper on which the fish rest —how they sweep upwards to make the paper curve up at the top.

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ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO JOSEPH WINTERBOTHAM COLL.

DEAD FOWL BY SOUTINE

Save for the few strokes in the upper left-hand corner that seem almost like the taut, twisted skin of the fowl, the brushwork of this modern technician is scarcely apparent. Where van Gogh worked with a heavily loaded brush and with strong sure strokes, Soutine used a light delicate touch. The subject matter of both paintings is much the same, the feeling is quite similar. There is no reason why the style of brushwork should differ, except that each artist has his own handwriting.

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SHORT CUTS TO FRIEND-MAKING

BOB DAVIS HAS PROBABLY MADE MORE FRIENDS THAN ANY MAN ALIVE; HERE'S HOW HE DOES IT

FOR more than a dozen years now Bob Davis has been an almost perpetual traveler, roaming as his fancy dictates, with instructions from the *New York Sun* to "see everything and write about it in your own vein." He will soon have done his millionth mile, and have visited practically every region of the civilized world—and wherever he goes he makes enduring friendships.

I wonder what gave Bob Davis this insatiable zest for friendship and for exploring the minds of his fellow-travelers.

I imagine it began when, as a young fellow in San Francisco, where he didn't know a soul, he was first employed as compositor on a newspaper. He formed friendships with his immediate associates, but still the contrast to his boyhood life in a small town where he had known everyone was so great that he felt the need of a much wider range of acquaintance. His boarding-place was near a fire-engine house and he fell into the habit of dropping in there to visit with the firemen. He made friends, too, with the policemen on that beat. Ever since then he has never failed to become intimately acquainted with the firemen and police in whatever neighborhood he happened to be living. "If there's a fire or a burglar in my house," he once told me, "I want the man who comes to my aid to be a good friend."

Soon he had more opportunity to meet people than was possible as a typesetter, for he suddenly became a reporter; and the reason for this shift of occupation is a strange tale. He went one afternoon to witness the first baseball game he had ever seen. That evening the first piece of copy laid before him to be set into type chanced to be an account of that same ball game he had just seen. Before he had completed the first paragraph a gust of wind blew the sheet of

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paper out of the window and beyond the roof of a near-by building. Despairing of being able to recover the sheet and feeling that he had been careless in letting it float away, Bob decided to say nothing about the mishap and replace the loss in his own way. He began to put into type a description of the game as it had impressed him, hoping that this would be accurate enough for all practical purposes. Knowing nothing whatever about baseball, what he wrote was a bit startling. The next morning the general manager of the newspaper sent for him. Bob assumed, of course, that he was about to be notified of his dismissal. What the boss said was: "Boy, if you can write as funny stuff as that baseball story there's no use wasting you on typesetting. Beginning today you're to be a reporter."

He got around and made plenty of acquaintances from then on. One night he wanted to go to a man's room at the Lucky Baldwin Hotel unobserved by other reporters. To accomplish this he telephoned to his friend, the chief engineer, and asked him as a favor to switch off every light in the building for two minutes. He had, as it happened, become acquainted with the engineer while riding beside him on a street car.

But the more people Davis met, the more he wished to know, and it occurred to him that he might find an even better field for knowing more different kinds of folks if he got himself a job on a newspaper in New York. He arrived there knowing almost no one, but by the second day he had made several friends. His first new acquaintances were a man and his wife who conducted a little restaurant where he had his first dinner. The husband was the cook and Bob made a lifelong friend of him by going to the kitchen to tell him how much he enjoyed his meal. He found out how the man happened to become a chef and what kind of food he himself preferred. "You never make anyone mad by complimenting him on his work." I doubt if Bob Davis has eaten many restaurant meals since then without using the opportunity to extend his human contacts. He learns the name of the waiter and from him the name of the proprietor. When he eats there again he is not merely a customer.

After he had been in New York a short time, Bob counted that day as lost which did not bring him at least one or two new acquaintances; usually he added sev-

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eral to his list. To do this he did not trust to mere chance but carefully planned and systematized his methods. He made it a rule to start a conversation with the man seated or standing beside him whenever he rode on a street car or subway train. To facilitate this, after leaving his office in the evening for the homeward journey, he regularly bought two newspapers, one to take home and read at his leisure, the other to give away. Then he tried to get alongside of the most wide-awake looking fellow available, preferably one not yet supplied with a newspaper. As he vigorously opened up his paper, he apologized for getting it almost into the face of his neighbor, and then added as if on sudden afterthought: "Maybe you'd like to look at part of my paper."

If the neighbor thanked him and accepted the offer, as nearly always happened, Bob pleasantly inquired: "Which part do you like —sports, stocks, editorials, or what?" Almost immediately then he could begin a little chat. If the seatmate preferred the sporting section it was natural to ask: "Who do you think will win the big fight?" Or, if it was the financial pages, "Do you look for stocks to go higher?" Soon they were launched into an exchange of ideas and amity. Before they separated, Bob contrived, without seeming to be too inquisitive, to learn the man's name, address and occupation. Sometimes he'd write these down on the back of an envelope, remarking: "I've enjoyed this little talk with you and hope we can meet again some day."

At the end of a few months of this, Davis had collected names of so many kinds of men that it was amazing even to himself. After fifteen years—and he did actually follow the plan that long—his list of names ran into many thousands, classified by locality and occupation. To this day, in his travels to all parts of the world, he employs much the same technique for meeting people on trains and boats. Nothing, he says, is a better device for opening a conversation than an item in the day's news. One can speak of a startling newspaper headline without being considered fresh or inquisitive.

There is much more to the Davis technique, however, than just meeting people. He desires to know what is most worth while about them. To do this *he* must interest *them*. Irvin Cobb, who has made many trips with Davis, says: "He interests others because he shows a genuine friendly feeling.

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It wouldn't be successful if he didn't really mean it; he's sincere about it and therefore makes friends without apparent effort, right from the start. Then, being himself one of the most entertaining talkers alive, he has a gift rare in good talkers—he knows when to keep quiet and let the other fellow express himself. He doesn't interrupt with a 'that reminds me,' but just sits back and listens, occasionally throwing in a question to start a further flow. I think he goes on the theory—and it's the right theory—that in nearly every human being there is a good story, if someone knows the knack of drawing it out. Certainly in every human being there is a character study."

Samuel G. Blythe, who made a trip around the world with Davis, adds: "He has no secret methods of getting people to talk with him. His tools are these: a sympathetic, polite, but insatiable curiosity, a wide knowledge of the vagaries of human nature, a taking smile, a twinkling eye, a cordial approach, an ability to talk on even and understanding terms with anybody, from the master of a Chinese junk to the Duce of Italy. He speaks a universal language of good will, good humor, and sincere interest. His wide and friendly smile and outstretched hand are irresistible."

A man sharing a railway compartment with Davis remarked that nine out of ten people are bores. But Bob gradually drew out of him a strange tale of how he happened to devote his life to being an expert exterminator of rats all over Europe.

An Englishman on a boat said to Davis: "I was in America once many years ago. Away back in 1869, one cold January night, I found myself in the town of Brownsville, Nebraska. I'll never forget it because I stopped at the home of the Episcopalian minister and his wife served me a sandwich containing antelope meat."

"It might interest you to know," replied Davis, "that judging from the date and place, the woman who gave you that sandwich was my mother. About two months after your visit she bore a child and that child was myself."

On another boat he fell into conversation with a white-haired Englishman who said he had set out in life to be a mechanic and had once worked in the same shop with Charlie Chaplin. Then the man gave him his card. It was the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Asking the right question to get the inside story is often important.

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Davis obtained an appointment with Mussolini. Then an attempt was made by an assassin on Mussolini's life. Il Duce kept the appointment, however, and the first question was: "Why don't you have more of a bodyguard; why isn't your life better protected?"

To which Il Duce replied: "I am protected by God. I shall die a natural death."

That was the keynote to an interview so interesting that the Associated Press made Davis an honorary life member of its staff.

One secret of the Davis friendships is his fondness for doing favors. If he's only offering a new acquaintance a cigar he does so with such graciousness, with such evident pleasure in giving rather than receiving, that the gesture is impressive. If on a train and a fellow passenger has lost his ticket or baggage, Davis is the first fellow to step forward to see if he can't be of service. Nothing seems to be too much trouble for him if he can be helpful. One day he chanced to meet an elderly white-haired woman who had come to New York for the first time from a distant village, to hear a Kreisler concert, only to learn that the entire house had been sold out for three weeks. Bob contrived by much telephoning to obtain a box seat for her and then arranged with his friend Kreisler to cross the stage at an appropriate moment and bow toward that particular box.

No matter how long it takes to do a favor, Davis doesn't forget it. In the Malay Peninsula he met a Scotsman who invited him to attend his wedding. "If you're ever in Aberdeen," said the Scot, "I wish you would look up my father and sister and tell them about the wedding and what a nice girl my wife is." "I won't forget it," said Davis. It was several years later when he visited Aberdeen, but before he did any sightseeing there, he hunted up that father and sister, told them all about the wedding, and then immediately wrote to the man in the Malay Peninsula about his family.

It might be mentioned that when there is no opportunity for doing an actual favor, this genius for friendship at least displays great courtesy. If you are leaving him after a call at his office or hotel room, he is fairly certain to accompany you as far as the elevator.

Before parting from a new acquaintance, Davis aims to tell him something that will make *him* remember the meeting. This may be an amusing anecdote, a piece of

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news, a little known fact, or a bit of information of peculiar interest to that particular person. When starting to make a photograph of Bernard Shaw, he remarked: "Don't you think, Mr. Shaw, that a man often appears in his picture to be a greater man than he really is?"

"That couldn't be true in my case," replied Shaw, "because there is no greater man."

"I was thinking," said Davis, "of Satan. Your countenance from one angle is a bit Mephistophelian."

Shaw blinked and observed: "It would be difficult to get a good likeness of me in a photograph because you can't show my blue eyes."

"But Mr. Shaw, your eyes are not blue," earnestly declared Davis, "they're purple."

"I never knew that before," said GBS. Surely *he* still remembers Bob Davis.

"Many people supposedly inaccessible are often lonely and would like to be seen if their secretaries would permit it," says Davis. Then he told of his difficulties in getting by a secretary to see Dr. Von Mueller, curator of a famous museum in Munich. When he finally got in, Von Mueller said: "I've been here eighteen years and you're the first American who ever showed me the courtesy of calling on me."

Davis first met Thomas A. Edison by calling at his office without appointment and telling Mr. Meadowcroft, his secretary, and chief assistant: "I've heard that Mr. Edison smokes the worst cigars made. But I'd like to give him one even worse than he's used to." He handed Edison the worst cigar and received from the smiling inventor one in exchange, which he still keeps. That was the beginning of a long friendship. Of all the thousands of people Davis has known he still considers Edison the most interesting.

"And having been everywhere on earth," I once asked him, "what spot do you like best?"

"A woman once asked me that," was the reply, "and I started to write her a long letter about various places I liked. But after I had written three pages I found that I could tell her in a sentence. This was it: 'I like best the place where I happen to be at the moment.' If you aren't lucky enough to feel that way you miss much of the joy of life. It would be too bad to go through life wishing you were somewhere else."

That's Bob Davis!

FRED C. KELLY

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A MONKEY STORY

ALLAH DIVIDED THE AVERAGE MAN'S LIFE INTO FOUR PHASES, BUT NEED EVERYONE BE AVERAGE?

A BEAUTIFUL summer day. The Black Sea is calm.

The steamer is overladen with passengers and freight—her decks obstructed from stern to forecastle.

We rode at anchor for a long time in the roadstead, before Trebizond. I went ashore and, when I came back, I noticed a numerous company of armed and bedraggled Kurds going up the gangway—the escort of an old man who walked ahead of them, tall and strongly built, wearing a grey *tcherkesska* over a long white tunic and a thin, silver-inlaid thong tied around his waist.

The "escort" threw on the floor a large quantity of carpets, of cushions. The old man settled down on this litter, majestically. His long beard was as white as foam, his face dry and heavily tanned. And his brown eyes shone with an unusual glitter. I drew near and crouched next to him, with a salaam. He was prompt to return my salute, with a grave yet cheerful graciousness. I asked him in Russian:

"From the Caucasus?"

He answered me very correctly in that tongue:

"From much farther, sir. Once upon a time I lived in the Caucasus, but I live there no longer. We are Kurds."

"And where are you going?"

His eyes sparkled more brilliantly than ever.

"Oh, oh! To Istanbul herself, to the padishah's."

"How so, to the padishah in person?"

"I am taking the padishah in person the expression of my gratitude, a gift: seven *nagaïkas*. Seven sons hath the padishah taken from me, all the sons I had. And all were killed in the wars. Seven times hath the padishah glorified me."

"*Tze, tze, tze,*" uttered in a tone of careless condolence a dandified fop, young but already fattish, who stood before us, wearing a damask, cherry-colored fez and a

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grey Prince Albert coat. And he added: "So old and thou art left alone!"

"How silly thou art," said the old man with simplicity. "*Thou* shalt grow old, but *I* am not old and shall never grow old. Dost know the story of the monkey?"

The fop smiled guardedly:

"Which monkey?"

"Well, listen. Allah created the sky and the earth, thou art aware of that, art thou not?"

"I am; then what?"

"Then Allah created man and said unto him: 'Man, thou shalt live thirty years upon this earth, thou shalt live well, it is in joy that thou shalt live. Art satisfied?' And man pondered: 'How beautiful is all this! And to think that I shall only live thirty years! Oh, how little that is!'

"Then Allah created the ass and said unto him: 'And thou, ass, shalt also live thirty years upon this earth and live very badly: always thou shalt bear burdens, people shall ride thee and rain blows from sticks upon that big head of yours. Art thou satisfied?' And the ass wept, sobbed and said unto Allah: 'Why so many years? Give me, O Lord, but fifteen years of life.' 'And to me, add fifteen!' said man unto Allah. And Allah did so willingly. And thus man received forty-five years of life. This was a good thing for man, was it not?" asked the old man, looking at the fop.

"It did him no harm," answered the other who evidently was waiting patiently to see the point of the anecdote.

"Then Allah created the dog and to him also He granted thirty years of life. 'Thou,' said Allah unto the dog, 'shalt always live surly, thou shalt suspect all strangers, thou shalt be devoured by anxiety.' And the dog howled in despair: 'Oh! half of such an existence would suffice!' And again man said unto Allah: 'O Lord, why not add that half to my life?' And again Allah prolonged his life. How many years hath man obtained now?"

"He now hath obtained sixty," said the fop, smiling less constrainedly.

"Well, Allah also created the monkey, granted him also thirty years of life and said unto him that he would live without having to work nor to worry, but that he would be very ugly of face and that everybody would poke fun at him."

The fop inquired:

"Then the monkey refused also, begged for the favor of living half the time that was allotted him?"

"He refused also," said the old

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man rising slightly in order to receive from a Kurd the stem of a lighted narghile. "And man obtained also that half of the monkey's life," said he, reclining once more and sucking in the smoke. Then he spoke, addressing no one:

"Thus, as was befitting, man lived the thirty years Allah had allotted him at the start—he ate, he drank, rode his horse, waged war, danced at the nuptials, loved the girls . . . And during the fifteen years he had inherited from the ass he worked, piled up wealth. And the fifteen years of the dog's, he watched over his treasures, surly, always in a temper, sleeping not at night. And he became as ugly and old-looking as the monkey. And all of that shall happen to thee, too," said the old man to the fop, in a mocking tone.

"And to thee, why should not that happen too?" asked the fop.

"To me that shall never happen."

"And, pray, why not?"

"There are few people like me," said the old man in a voice full of assurance and simplicity. "Never have I been either an ass or a dog —then why should I be a monkey?" —IVAN BUNIN

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PITY THE MUSICAL PRODIGY

FRANK ACCOUNT OF WHAT AWAITS THE CHILD WONDER WHEN HE OUTGROWS HIS KNEE BREECHES

A MOTHER relaxes in a soft chair in the living room as she listens to her daughter, aged seven, perform a Mozart sonata with a clean technique and a fine understanding of musical style; or, perhaps, it is her son, aged six, who is practicing a Wieniawski piece with a full rich tone and an amazing facility of fingers.

As the mother listens to the music, and permits it to numb her senses deliciously, her dreams soar and expand. Her child's teacher had exhausted his repertoire of praises for his pupil. The child, the teacher had said more than once, possessed everything—the natural physical equipment, the taste, instinct, musical feeling, and an amazing facility in learning new lessons. The child, in short, was a born musician—and a great future was waiting.

The mother had not known even the remotest hope that her child would become a professional musician when she had engaged the first music teacher. But the child had taken to the instrument with amazing adaptability. His talent soon became so marked that friends, relatives and teachers began singing rhapsodic praises. Again and again, the mother was told that her child was phenomenally gifted; some went so far as to use the sacrosanct word "genius." The child needed a little more technical development, a little more artistic guidance and he would be ready for a public debut. Then . . .

Then . . . The mother's dreams expanded towards distant horizons. She knew that Yehudi Menuhin as a prodigy earned $4,000 a concert; Ruth Slencynzki, $2,000. Other great musicians like Heifetz, Seidel, Hofmann also earned enormous fees when they were prodigies. But the mother was not only thinking now of fabulous incomes. She was thinking also of the inspiration which great artists bring to the world. *Her*

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child was destined to enrich the lives of people everywhere. And when her child grew older, he would join the ranks of great musicians who were idolized by the world.

To the mother, who had made unspeakable sacrifices so that her child's expensive lessons might be paid for, and an expensive instrument might be bought, it now seemed that the fruits of her sacrifice were at hand. In her mind's eye she saw a crowded Carnegie Hall acclaiming her child's performances; she read the lavish criticisms in the newspapers; she envisioned world-tours crowned with glory. She saw, for her child, wealth, fame—and recognized greatness.

And as she listened to her child's beautiful playing, her heart purred warmly within her. Certainly, she felt then, both she and her child were among the most fortunate of the world—the chosen ones among the elect! Blessed is he, who is born with talent. . . .

★ ★ ★

How many such mothers there are at the present moment in America is a figure difficult to compute, but it is possible to arrive at an estimate. During the past year more than fifty musical prodigies made debuts in the country's concert halls. Some six hundred other prodigies were awarded scholarships to the three hundred or so conservatories. The number of prodigies who studied under the guidance of reputable private instructors must easily pass the thousand mark. It is, therefore, conservative to estimate that several thousand prodigies arouse in their parents at this moment extravagant hopes for the future.

But these prodigies are not the favored children of destiny, as is so often believed when the income and fame of a child-Menuhin are measured. Menuhin or Heifetz notwithstanding, these prodigies are the unfortunates of society, who deserve pity.

Of this army of prodigies which emerges year-in, year-out with the expectation of conquering the world of music, only a handful, of course, ever reaches the concert-stage. But the tragedy does not lie in the fact that about only five per cent of America's promising musicians ever receive the ear of the critic and concertgoer, all others falling by the wayside. The tragedy lies in the fact that an appallingly small number of this five per cent ever achieves anything more substantial than several "promising" concerts

If an attempt were made by a

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professional critic to enumerate the number of prodigies of the past thirty years or so who have developed from precociousness into artists of full stature, it is doubtful if the figure would reach beyond twenty-five. For even when prodigies have given debuts that were sensational, their success proved anything but meteoric. Memory brings to my mind phenomenal debuts of other years. Little Mana-Zucca, sensational child pianist, appeared with the New York Symphony Orchestra at the age of seven and gave a performance that stunned a crowded Carnegie Hall. But Mana-Zucca's pianistic achievements have been forgotten long since. She is today a well-known composer of songs, but if she had had to depend upon her fame as a virtuoso for her livelihood the consequences would have been tragic. I recall, offhand, how Florence Stern, a violinist, was called at her debut "another Maud Powell"—even though Stern was only eleven years old. I believe Florence Stern plays today in a Russian restaurant in New York, or did when I last heard of her. I am reminded of the amazing reception given in New York to a violoncellist, Milla Wellerson, aged nine, who aroused the enthusiasm of even Pablo Casals. Today—some twelve years after his sensational debut—Milla is a forgotten musician. No glory on the earth is more ephemeral than that bestowed upon the child-prodigy in music.

★ ★ ★

When a highly talented child launches upon a musical career—goaded on by parents whose ears ring with the sums accumulated by Heifetz, Menuhin or Hofmann both as children and as mature artists—he enters a battle which, from the first, is a losing one. Unless the prodigy is one out of a hundred thousand, he finds that as a profession, music promises only struggle, disappointment, and sometimes starvation—even if he has attained a competence which in other fields would have brought him security. The prodigy finds that a childhood and youth spent in the strait jacket of a musical training, have left him sublimely unsuited for any other profession but music. Having outgrown the velvet knee pants of his prodigy days, he discovers suddenly that in music he has already outlived his usefulness, and that in any other field he is hopelessly incompetent.

The highest goal toward which the prodigy can aspire when he

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reaches maturity is the concert-stage or opera house. This appears a particularly desirable goal to the youngster who has known the applause of music audiences and the praise of music critics. Heifetz, Menuhin, Hofmann, Paderewski, Flagstad earn—he is told—about a quarter of a million dollars each year. Each appearance of such artists on the concert platform, over the radio, in the talking pictures commands a staggering price.

But the young musician has forgotten to calculate how many artists are doomed to failure for each Heifetz or Menuhin who achieves world-wide acclaim. I recently estimated that the period in which Heifetz made his dazzling debut—1917-1918—no less than forty-one violinists, some of them prodigies, made their debuts. Heifetz is on the top of the heap, it is true. But where, today, is Vasa Prihoda, Josef Borisoff, Max Rosen. What has happened to the one-time appeal of Toscha Seidel?

The truth is that failure on the concert platform is not the result of incompetence. The concert platform has room only for immortals. Even if a prodigy grows into a competent artist, it is questionable if he can make a living through his art. Albert Spalding once told me that it took him almost twenty years of supposedly successful concert work before he could draw a profit from his concerts; and Spalding, during most of these years, was recognized everywhere as America's greatest violinist. The immortals—a handful of them—earn fabulously. But other artists have considerable difficulty in earning a decent income. It is a well-known fact that there are artists of world-wide importance—artists who have repeatedly received the recognition of critics—who draw little or no profit from their concerts.

With the concert stage closed to the young artist who is not in the front rank, there remains a desirable post in one of the leading American orchestras. The demand for musicians among symphony orchestras is, however, limited, and fails to absorb even a fraction of prodigies who enter the professional class. At the beginning of the 1938 symphony season, for example, there were altogether some forty-odd openings among all of the important symphony orchestras in this country.

To play in a symphony orchestra is not quite so desirable a goal as might seem at first glance. Artistically, it promises small satisfaction. The young musician be-

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comes a cog of a machine, losing his individuality and creative urge. But even financially there is small reward. Except for the first-desk men—and these positions are few and far between—the orchestramen barely earn a respectable salary. A violinist in one of our major orchestras draws between $70 and $120 a week; but since the symphony season consists of no more than twenty-four weeks, his salary for the year is really only from $32 to $58.

But, as I have said, posts with symphony orchestras are limited in number. Where else can the young musician turn for a livelihood? The radio, of course, is in the market for musicians—but is not a particularly rich market. The average network has hardly more than one full-sized orchestra to fulfill all of its musical needs.

To what, then, can the young musician turn? The final answer is pedagogy. But even here the opportunities are few. The leading conservatories which can afford to pay excellent salaries employ mostly famous concert artists.

With a position at a conservatory denied him, the young talented musician is left with only one avenue: he opens a studio in his neighborhood, charges three dollars a lesson, and hopes that enough pupils will study under him to enable him to earn a respectable living. But a respectable living is not the usual fate of the private music teacher. There are, it is estimated, 72,000 music teachers in this country who have an average of ten pupils each; and more than a hundred thousand teachers who have less than that number. Ten pupils or less must spell, for the music teacher, struggle and starvation.

Music in America is considered a billion dollar industry—for that is the amount spent each year on musical instruments, phonographs and radios, concert and opera tickets and music lessons. The paradox is that in this billion dollar industry, the one who makes the music is the one who derives the smallest profit. Enormous sums are even spent for the advancement of musical education: scholarships amounting to more than $100,000 are given out each year to deserving pupils. We have developed a remarkable industry for turning out prodigies. What our initiative should now produce is a use for these trained musicians, an audience for their art, an earning power for their talent. Today, one-time prodigies are the forgotten men of society.

—David Ewen

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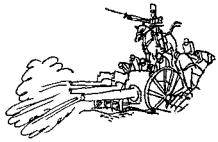
BATTLE ROYAL

IF YOU LAY ANY CLAIM TO A KNOWLEDGE OF MILITARY HISTORY, PREPARE TO DEFEND IT NOW



DECISIVE battles have affected in many ways the destinies of entire countries and the lives of countless millions of peoples. Here are fifty questions testing your knowledge of celebrated combats. Each question is followed by two suggested answers, one of which is correct. Correct responses each count two points. A score of 70 is fair, 80 is good, and 90 or more is excellent. Answers on page 108.

1. *Who led the victorious Macedonians at Issus, in Asia Minor against the Persians of Darius III?*
(A) Alexander the Great;
(B) Philip of Macedon

2. *William, Duke of Normandy, and England's Harold II fought at Hastings in 1066. Who triumphed?*
(A) Harold; (B) William

3. *In which lake battle of the War of 1812 did the American commander O. H. Perry demolish the British fleet?*
(A) Battle of Lake Erie;
(B) Battle of Lake Champlain

4. *The Second Battle of the Marne is regarded as the turning point of the World War. What two Allied armies forced the Germans to yield ground?*
(A) The French and American;
(B) The British and Russian

5. *Name the Indian chief who massacred Gen. Geo. A. Custer and 276 soldiers at the Battle of Little Big Horn in the Sioux Indian War?*
(A) Rain-in-the-Face;
(B) Sitting Bull

6. *At Hampton Roads in Chesapeake Bay, during the American Civil War, there occurred a naval battle between the Confederate Merrimac and the Union odd-looking warship The Monitor. What was the nickname of this strange-shaped boat?*
(A) The Explosive Cracker-Box;
(B) Cheese-box-on-a-raft

7. *Upon which river did Horatio Nelson, the British admiral, subdue the French fleet, and thus prevent Napoleon's invasion of Egypt?*
(A) The Tigris-Euphrates;
(B) The Nile River

8. *American militia withstood the*

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enemy at Lexington-Concord in a war that lasted eight years. What was the name of that war?

(A) The American Revolutionary War; (B) The War of 1812

9. *In which war did Joan of Arc lead the French army into the city of Orleans?*

(A) Seven Years' War;
(B) Hundred Years' War

10. *Name the general who halted the South's invasion of the North by prevailing over General Lee at the Battle of Gettysburg.*

(A) George G. Meade;
(B) William T. Sherman

11. *News of a Greek victory over Persia by Militiades was first brought to Athens by a messenger who raced without pause from the battlefield. Where was this battle fought?*

(A) At Cambrai;
(B) At Marathon

12. *What nation lost the Battle of Sempach during the Swiss War of Independence?*

(A) Bavaria; (B) Austria

13. *Clive's triumph at Plassey in the Seven Years' War gave Britain a measure of ascendancy over what country?*

(A) India; (B) Palestine

14. *At the Dardanelles, during the World War, the British sought unsuccessfully to advance upon the capital of one of her enemies. What was the name of that city?*

(A) Constantinople;
(B) Belgrade

15. *Which battle of the War of 1812 was fought after the signing of the treaty of peace?*

(A) Battle of New Orleans;
(B) Battle of Lundy's Lane

16. *Whom did Julius Caesar beat at Pharsalus in the Roman Civil War?*

(A) Catiline; (B) Pompei

17. *What Russian Czar led his soldiers in winning from the Swedes under Charles XII at Poltava?*

(A) Peter the Great;
(B) Alexander II

18. *At the outset of the American Civil War, England's monarch proclaimed neutrality for that country. Who was that sovereign?*

(A) William IV;
(B) Queen Victoria

19. *In which battle of the Franco-Prussian War did Napoleon III surrender?*

(A) Battle of Sedan;
(B) Battle of Metz

20. *What Greek city allied itself with Syracuse against the Athenians during the Peloponnesian War?*

(A) Salonica; (B) Sparta

21. *Who led the Franks at Tours against Arabian armies and delivered France from the Moslems?*

(A) Saladin; (B) Charles Martel

22. *During the American Civil War the North and South fought twice at Bull Run. Which side won these fights?*

(A) The South; (B) The North

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23. *In what naval battle of the Napoleonic Wars was Admiral Nelson slain?*

(A) Trafalgar; (B) Leipzig

24. *State the name of the Union general who overwhelmed the Confederates at Vicksburg.*

(A) Philip H. Sheridan;

(B) Ulysses S. Grant

25. *What two opposing generals were fatally wounded on the Plains of Abraham during the Battle of Quebec?*

(A) Wolfe and Montcalm;

(B) Lally and Boscawen

26. *Which branch of the American army captured and held Belleau Wood against repeated German attacks?*

(A) Marines; (B) Regular Army

27. *Whose ambitions for the conquest of Italy terminated at Metaurus in the Second Punic War, when the Romans vanquished the Carthaginians?*

(A) Hannibal;

(B) Hamilcar Barca

28. *State the name of the naval battle of the Spanish-American War that abolished Spain's domination of Cuba?*

(A) Battle of Manila Bay;

(B) Battle of Santiago

29. *What renowned English general checked Joseph Bonaparte at Vitoria in the Peninsular War?*

(A) Nelson; (B) Wellington

30. *Who was the leader of the Scots when they routed the English at Bannockburn?*

(A) Alfred the Great;

(B) Robert Bruce

31. *Mention the name of the battle in which Pershing's American army burst through the mightiest segment of the German lines, thereby assisting in compelling the general withdrawal of all German troops from the western front.*

(A) Meuse-Argonne;

(B) Battle of the Somme

32. *Which two noted Romans were defeated at Philippi during the Roman Civil War by Octavian and Antony?*

(A) Caesar and Lepidus;

(B) Brutus and Cassius

33. *At which town did Washington compel the surrender of Cornwallis, and so bring about the cessation of hostilities in the American Revolutionary War?*

(A) Yorktown; (B) Trenton

34. *What memorable charge occurred during the Crimean War?*

(A) Charge of the Light Brigade;

(B) Pickett's Charge

35. *Over which country did Napoleon acquire complete control by his victory at Jena in the Napoleonic Wars?*

(A) Russia; (B) Germany

36. *Who was the victorious general of the Battle of Zama in the Second Punic War, in which the Romans overpowered the Carthaginians under Hannibal?*

(A) Carthalo;

(B) Scipio Africanus

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37. *In which battle was gas first used during the World War?*

(A) Second Battle of Ypres;

(B) First Battle of the Marne

38. *Who, besides the Austrians, were defeated by Napoleon at Austerlitz?*

(A) The Russians;

(B) The Italians

39. *As a result of the Battle of Verdun of the World War, which side regained much territory?*

(A) The Allies; (B) Germany

40. *State the name of the Northern general who was defeated by the Southerners under Robert E. Lee at Fredericksburg.*

(A) Ambrose E. Burnside;

(B) George B. McClellan

41. *Which nation's army opposed von Hindenburg at the World War battle at Tannenberg in 1914?*

(A) Russia; (B) France

42. *How many ships comprised the Spanish Armada?*

(A) 310; (B) 130

43. *What celebrated Persian was defeated in a naval battle at Salamis by the Greeks under Themistocles and Eurybiades?*

(A) Mardonius; (B) Xerxes

44. *Who commanded the combined French and British land forces at the first Battle of the Marne, wherein von Moltke's German advance on Paris was halted?*

(A) Marshal Joffre;

(B) Marshal Petain

45. *Give the site of that battle of the Russo-Japanese War which demonstrated the insuperableness of the Japanese to the Russians.*

(A) Mukden; (B) Port Arthur

46. *Antietam was the scene of an encounter between the armies of Lee and Burnside; it influenced issuance of a great document by President Lincoln. What was it?*

(A) Lincoln's Call for Volunteers; (B) The Emancipation Proclamation

47. *In 711 A.D. at Xeres (today called Jerez) the Arab Moors of Tarik overcame the Visigoths of Roderick. In which country was Moorish influence started by this victory?*

(A) Italy; (B) Spain

48. *What was the name of the war that ended with the German defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa?*

(A) Thirty Years' War;

(B) Seven Weeks' War

49. *Mention two nations that joined the British under Wellington at Waterloo in subduing Napoleon and closing his career.*

(A) Russia and Austria;

(B) Germany and The Netherlands

50. *In the naval battle of Actium, Octavian defeated Cleopatra and her ally. Who was he?*

(A) Julius Caesar;

(B) Mark Antony

—A. I. GREEN

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YOUR SENSITIVE BODY

ONE OUT OF EVERY THREE HAS IT: THE ONLY CURE IS BY TRIAL AND ERROR, BUT IT WORKS

INTO the office of a Boston allergist walked a little man who complained, "I get the hives."

Every allergist becomes something of a detective, so the first thing the doctor asked was, "When?"

"Every Tuesday and Friday around half past one," the patient responded.

"Where?"

"Where I work. I'm a waiter in a restaurant."

The allergist went around to the place and discovered that shrimp cocktails were on the menu of the restaurant on Tuesdays and Fridays only. Promptly at 1:30 p.m., with the luncheon rush out of the way, the cook boiled shrimps for dinner. The vapor was enough to set off the waiter's allergy to shrimps. He was instructed to keep out of the kitchen while shrimps were boiling, and so another of the typically odd, and sometimes whimsical, cases of special sensitivity was thereby cured.

That the public has become conscious of allergy, the youngest and most amazing branch of medicine, is indicated by the way the word has insinuated itself into popular parlance. When a science becomes the subject of wise-cracks it's a sign that, like Einstein's theory, it's widely known but little understood. People come back from the allergist's and report that he put a lot of little patches on their backs, or scratches on their arms, and that some of these magically turned red. In suburban circles, where a lady can no longer get a rise out of her bridge club by detailing the agony of her sinuses, it's even becoming quite the thing to trot out one's sensitivities. "I'm allergic to Brazil nuts, you know, I simply can't go near them, and I'm sensitive to horses, parrots, and cabbage." Aristocratic ladies invariably discover themselves to be allergic to house-dust.

The appealing thing is that one can really express one's individu-

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ality in allergies. Anybody can have an appendix out, and the flu is the flu, but a gifted person can build up a really original group of sensitivities. Mental quirks of character are put to shame by the physiological idiosyncrasies that are turned up by allergists. When it comes to temperament, sensitive souls can't compete with sensitive bodies. The subtlety and resourcefulness and the infinite variety of nature is astounding in this respect. Combinations and degrees of human sensitivity are innumerable.

In body as in mind, most of us are humdrum folk with average views and reactions, but with some pet peeve. It is estimated that one person out of every three has a food allergy. The allergy may be specific and violent, as in the case of a girl who could eat German strawberries by the peck, but who got a rash if she so much as tasted a single French, English, American or Australian strawberry. Hers was not a case of super-nationalism, as the poor girl was an American to begin with.

On the other hand, the sensitivity may be so mild as to pass unnoticed through a lifetime. Hundreds of us who occasionally feel uncomfortable after meals may very likely be suffering from an undetected food allergy.

Victims of the most widely publicized branch of allergy, hay fever, don't have to be told they are sensitive. But sufferers from other allergies often attribute their illness to false causes. The tracking down of the allergen is the most fascinating part of the game, as the shocking substance may be anything from noodle soup to newsprint, from horsehair in the sofa to pigeons in the park. One thing seems to be certain: it is a protein, which means that at some time or other it must have been part of a living organism. You can't have an allergy to steel, unless the steel is painted with an organic lacquer; stones won't hurt you, but sticks may.

The contact with the offensive protein can be through breathing, touching, or eating. It may show as some form of asthma, or as a skin disease, or as a digestive disorder.

Sensitivities to horses are common causes of asthma. For instance, there was an asthmatic fireman in Philadelphia who wheezed away many years trying salves and swallowing medicines. One day automobile engines replaced the fire-horses in his station. The fireman was suddenly and permanently cured of asthma.

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That fireman was nearer to horses than a kid who was brought to a doctor, gasping for breath. The distressed mother reported that the child's fits occurred about once a week. By means of a scratch test, the allergist determined that the child was sensitive to horse-dander.

"Does your son ride?" the doctor asked.

"Why, no, doctor, he's never been near a horse. He's afraid of horses!"

At this point, the doctor turned detective. "Does anyone in the family ride?"

"Why, I do. But—"

"When?"

"Friday mornings, usually."

"Well, after this, change completely from your riding habit before going near the boy."

The horse-dander adhering to the mother's riding habit had been enough to awaken the child's sensitivity.

But there is another and even stranger case of horse-sensitivity without benefit of horse. Again, it was a boy who was the victim. The youngster came down with asthma every spring when, coincidentally, the garden around his house was manured. He finally got to a doctor who put one and one together and suggested that the gardener try some brand of manure that had never been near a horse.

Any kind of animal, bird or fish may be the offender. Household pets often are found to be stimulating allergies. Children who won't go near certain kinds of animals—like the boy who wouldn't go near a horse—may be intuitively protecting themselves from allergic shock. Often this discrimination is preserved in adult life. A woman who hates dogs was not necessarily scared by a dog in her childhood; she may be allergic to dog-hair and not know it.

On the other hand, there are plenty of cases where intuition fails, of people keeping for pets the very kind of animals to which they are allergic. Take Mr. R, whose physician found him to be allergic to dogs. "Get rid of your dog and you'll get rid of your asthma," was the prescription. But Mr. R wasn't going to get rid of his fine police dog to suit the whim of some fool doctor. It happened that the dog died of distemper before Mr. R. died of asthma, thereafter the asthma vanished, and Mr. R was amazed.

There is also the Mysterious Case of the Sparrows under the Eaves. An entire family was suffering from asthma; the doctor made

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multiple tests, then visited their home. It was a nice old-fashioned suburban house with sparrows' nests hanging under the eaves. Testing the family for sensitivity to sparrows' feathers, he got a positive result. The nests were torn down, the sparrows departed, and the family epidemic was over.

Touch-sensitivities are also commonly related to animals. Wool or silk garments, horsehair in a suiting, feathers in a pillow may bring on the rash. Fur coats are common offenders, and about the first test made on women suffering from dermatitis is a specimen of fur from their coat collars.

In this connection, it is enlightening to observe that women seem to have developed a universal tolerance for mink, sable, and ermine. Though there are plenty of cases of allergy to dog, cat, and rabbit fur, the expensive pelts have never offended, and when an ermine coat seems to be causing a rash, the ermine usually turns out to be rabbit.

Fur coats are not the only anguish of the beautiful. Nail-lacquers, for instance, are a source of irritation to many women; the vogue for tinted fingernails brought many a skin rash to the dermatologist. Oddly enough, it is comparable to the mild epidemic of dermatitis that occurred ten years or so ago, when women first went crazy over Mah Jong. Most Mah Jong pieces are lacquered.

One of the most common adulterants of perfumes, orrisroot oil, is a frequent offender. A case is on record of a women who had to have her ear amputated, due to her long habit of dabbing the lobe with a perfume containing orrisroot oil. She was sensitive to the protein, and the resulting dermatitis got so bad that gangrene set in. Sensitivity to orrisroot is fairly widespread, and certain cosmetic houses have gone to the extent of eliminating this ingredient from their products. There is also a concern that specializes in non-allergic cosmetics, designed for especially sensitive women. The vast majority are not sensitive to generally used materials, and an occasional reaction does not imply impurity in the product. In fact, there have been cases of allergic reaction to the purest of the pure of soaps.

Beauty-sensitivity applies not only to the skin. When Mrs. T's face became swollen, itching with the hives, her doctors tested her for everything from the feather on her hat to her toothpaste. That's where they were getting close. The offending factor turned out

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to be the rubber plate of her artificial teeth.

Food allergies are unlimited. Every known food is poison to somebody. Meats, seafoods, all kinds of nuts, barley, wheat, potatoes, spinach—yeah, verily—fruits, even coffee, tea, and milk are on the list.

There are cases of infants who are allergic to mother's milk. Such cases are rare, but less rare are cases of sensitivity to cow's milk. That's where the goat comes in, but if the child is allergic to goat's milk too, a complicated, predigested milkless diet is necessary.

Often, a child will eliminate an irritating food by "not liking" the stuff. With surprising frequency, the disruptive factor in the child's diet is found to be the one thing that his mother simply has to force him to eat. A few children are even lucky enough to be sensitive to cod liver oil.

But while a child's dislike for a food may indicate an allergy, this is not usually true in an adult, unless it is a dislike he has cherished since childhood. Adult acquired tastes are not so close to instinct.

Tendencies toward sensitivity are hereditary. Allergic parents are likely to have allergic children, though the items to which they are sensitive may differ. It has also been demonstrated that certain allergies are transmitted by blood transfusions. This was proved in a case where sensitivity to horse-dander, discovered in a patient after a transfusion, was traced to the blood donor.

Modern treatment can get results in about ninety per cent of allergic cases. The methods are two: the first, and easiest, is avoidance, and might have been practiced by Mr. M, who seems to have an allergy to Ethiopians. Avoidance is a cure for most food allergies. The difficulty is in the identification of the allergen. To find this, the patient starts on a very simple diet, usually veal and rice, which are among the least offensive of foods. New items are added one by one until there is an allergic reaction. The last item is cut out of the diet and the game goes on.

Horses, cows, dogs, cats, and fish may be avoided, but it is difficult to avoid pollen in the wind, house-dust, or objects in common use. (Hay fever, incidentally, is not caused by hay, but by ragweed pollen, and others.)

The great French writer, Marcel Proust, was asthmatic, and passed much of his life in bed in a room whose windows and doors were

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sealed. His is one case in which an individual was remarkably sensitive both in mind and body, but it is possible that modern allergists could have analyzed Proust's bodily sensitivities, and brought him immunity through injections.

The method of injection, or gradual acquaintance, is a slow and wearisome but effective procedure. The protein extracts of allergy-causing materials are used. The allergist makes an intrademal test—for instance, he injects minute amounts of protein from pollens, from dogs, cats, horses, canaries, in different spots. If the patient is sensitive to any of these proteins, the antibody for that protein is present in his blood. At the spot of the injection, the antibody has a "fight" with the protein: the scene becomes swollen and red. The allergist notes the red spots, checks back to his record, and thus identifies the sensitivities of the patient.

Treatment is similar to the test. It consists of injecting small doses of the offending protein; these shots build up the patient's resistance. The antibody increases in his blood, in order to conquer the increased doses of protein, until he has enough antibody to overcome the protein which he normally receives in everyday contact with the offending material.

Thus, allergists begin as early as January to prepare the hay fever sufferer for his summer-time battle with pollen. Gradually increased doses of protein extract of pollen are administered until the hay fever season arrives. By that time, he can take it.

While allergists have discovered a great deal in their field, and are actually able to control reactions, they have like most scientists been unable to discover the actual, intimate nature of the reactions that take place in the human body. By a process of trial and error they can determine the irritations and the cures. But the body has been revealed as an instrument of infinite reaction, more complex and individualistic than had been imagined; every cell seems to be possessed of a discriminating faculty, to be almost emotional in its chemical behavior. A few grains of dust can anger the body just as a few words can anger the mind. The science of allergy comes close to suggesting that our very minds may have an allergic type of mechanism, that our likes and dislikes, our characteristic emotions, may be the result of an infinitely delicate, yet inflexibly certain chemical behavior!

—Dr. Eric Clarkson

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HOW LOVE LEFT AMERICA

WE'LL HAVE TO FACE IT SOONER OR LATER:
NO NATURAL RESOURCE CAN LAST FOREVER

BY THE spring of 1940, it at last became apparent that love in the United States was a major industry. Its conversion from emotion to commerce was a process that had been taking place gradually since the turn of the century. But only a few astute historians, refusing to blind themselves, noted the change. Now it became so obvious that no one could ignore it.

This realization was due partly to the discovery of Stuart Chase, who found that love in the U. S. employed a total of 22,000,000 workers. It was the bread-and-wine of the motion picture business, the apparel and cosmetic trade, most American fiction, the popular song industry, liquor distillers, advertising agencies, florists and candy manufacturers. This discovery was, of course, a shock to American enterprise, long considered the arch-enemy of sentiment. When it was seen that practically its entire structure rested on emotional foundations, everyone became panic-stricken.

But once the fact was grasped, businessmen, with customary forthrightness, decided to face it. The outstanding problem was how long could the supply of love be expected to last. America was the world's largest producer of love, just as it was the biggest producer of coal, petroleum and coke. In view of the lessons taught all these industries, it was open to question whether the country could continue its leading position for very long by burning up its resources. To add to the confusion, John T. Flynn, the popular economist, wrote an alarming article indicating that German chemists were at work on a love *ersatz*, which was said to be almost as good as the original. (Some disillusioned people claimed it was even better.) Love was, of course, a raw material in which Germany was notably deficient. Moreover, Italy, long the subsidizer of large families, was said to be on the point

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of declaring love a state monopoly; it was going to take it out of the hands of private enterprise entirely. A new Corporation was being formed.

As might be expected, this disturbing state of affairs reflected itself in the thought and action of the nation. A debate, raging in Congress, centered around a bill to provide for government regulation of love-dependent industries. This was to be done through the creation of the L. C. C. (Libido Conservation Commission); and, according to Washington gossip, was to be headed by Peggy Hopkins Joyce, as Madame Secretary.

In times of great crisis there always appears on the scene a man sent by destiny to handle the problem. In this case, Hector P. Trilby was his name, and his place in history is assured. Mr. Trilby, who never impressed anyone in his youth, was the first one to realize that the root of the trouble was not in supply, but in overproduction. If the truth were known, he declared, the American people were sick of love. They got it wherever they went—on the screen, on the printed page, the billboards. This naturally created resentment. Once the saturation point was reached, a reaction was bound to set in. The fact is, said Mr. Trilby to an interviewer, love was on the skids. He pointed to the Decline of Mae West. "Today," he declared stoutly, "all the world doesn't love a lover. It loves a hater."

He was right, of course, and the year 1941 ushered in the most venomously profitable period in the history of American commerce. The Golden Age of Hector P. Trilby it was called, in honor of the man who today sits in the White House. A song titled, *Hate Thy Neighbor*, introduced by Bing Crosby, is now an American classic. The new concept opened up hitherto unexplored fields for advertising agencies, which for years had been proceeding in precisely the wrong direction. The slogan, "I Hate a Man Who Smokes a Pipe" tripled sales in test campaigns. Dale Carnegie, at last report, was living in Alaska, trying to eke out a meager subsistence by eating fish caught with his bare hands.

We built a thousand loves, sold them on the counters, streamlined them, put them in homes from Portland to Jacksonville, from Las Vegas to Cape Cod, canned them, packaged them, sealed them, up and down the Rockies, the Catskills, the Appalachians. But at what a cost! —KERMIT KAHN

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HOW TO READ YOUR NEWSPAPER

EXPOSING THE PITFALLS BESETTING THOSE WHO HAVE EYES AND SEE NOT BETWEEN THE LINES

AN EMINENT expert in propaganda has said that the ultimate entry of the United States into the World War on the Allied side was determined long before a pistol shot at Sarajevo shattered the drowsy calm of June, 1914.

If that expert is right—and he marshals some powerful arguments in support of his theory—it behooves every American to take a second look at his newspaper tonight and a third and fourth, for good measure. And he'd better make sure it is a good paper and that he knows how to read it intelligently. Because, you see, the implications of the propaganda expert's theory are rather amazing. If what he says about 1914 is true, then there can be no shadow of doubt that the question of whether Yankee doughboys will fight in Europe's next war—this year, in 1940 or later—is being determined right here and now.

All right, you say, that's easy. I read my newspaper. I know what's going on. I know about Hitler and Munich, Mussolini and France and Chamberlain and all the rest. I know that Europe may go up in smoke and that we're likely to be singed in the process.

But do you *actually* know what's going on in Europe? Or, for that matter, in Washington, or in your own state capital or your home city? And if it is important to know who is in the headlines it is twice as important to know the what and why of how they got into the big type.

American newspapers are the world's best. They are uncensored and have lots of money to spend getting the news. Most of them try hard to find out what's going on and print it. But some do a better job than others. A few even try to create false impressions. If you want to know what's going on you must know what sort of a paper you're reading, how good it is at getting and printing the news and what sort of news it is likely

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to "slant" or bias. You have to know that newspaper stories can be more deceptive than a California politician—and they don't come much more tricky. You have to know the tell-tale marks by which a professional newspaperman judges what a story really means. In other words you must be able to read your newspaper with intelligence.

An able editor will pick up a newspaper, glance quickly through it, and say: "Well, I see France means business this time." He'll look again and remark that Governor Soreghum "has put out another phoney." And he'll wind up with the observation that, judging from what his Washington correspondent does *not* say, Roosevelt must be getting ready to spring something new. That whole process of culling the significant news of the day has taken the editor perhaps ten minutes.

We can't all be editors. But we can employ a few of the editor's techniques at judging the news. He starts out by knowing what news is likely to be true and what is likely to be false or misleading. He saves time by skipping trivia and long-winded expositions about nothing.

Look for the most important news on the front page. This sounds easy but, for reasons of policy, a newspaper may play up a story to make it look important and bury a vital dispatch among the want ads. Read the first paragraph or two of the story. These are supposed to give a summary of what has happened. Then details are added in order of descending importance. The theory is fine if the reporter knows what he's writing about. Just to be sure, it is safest to read important stories clear through to the end.

As you read watch these points:

1. Does the story come from a standard press association (Associated Press, United Press, International News Service)? Or does it come from the paper's own correspondent? If political questions are involved the press associations usually are more accurate and less biased than most correspondents.

2. Does the story disclose where it originated (some official announcement, debate or interview)? Or does it say "it was learned," "it was revealed," "a high official source" or some phrase of that kind? Those phrases are red flags. They mean that the man who gave out the story wouldn't let his name be used. The percentage of inaccuracy or falsity in such stories may very likely run rather high.

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3. Does the story tell just the facts of what happened? Or does it interpret the event and forecast what will happen next? Interpretations and forecasts are only as good as the judgment of the man who makes them. Keep track of who makes them and how the guesses turn out. Then, next time one comes along you'll know whether it's likely to be right.

4. Does the story editorialize the news? This is usually done by descriptive phrases. Here are some fairly well-known examples of this technique: "the notorious court-packing bill," "the Raw Deal" (instead of New Deal), "the hot-dog boys." You may or may not agree with such descriptions. The point is that each is an example of editorialization. Each tries to make up your mind for you as to the goodness or badness of something instead of letting you form your own opinion.

5. If the story concerns sensational charges or allegations does it present an answer by the other side? Or if an answer is given is it buried at the bottom of the column? Fair reporting gives equal prominence and space to each charge and its answer.

6. Does the story really say all it seems to? Or does it use phrases like "it appeared likely that" or "despite official denial"? One well-developed news technique is to state a proposition, slip in an innocuously worded but flat denial and then tell the rest of the story as though it were all positive fact.

7. What of it? That's a good question to ask yourself after reading any story. Remember that reporters try to make things exciting for you. Even if nothing is happening they have to write stories. After you have read an article ask yourself what difference it really makes whether it is true or not.

Foreign news brings up other points. Here the judgment of the reporter or news service originating the dispatch is all-important. Foreign correspondents frequently are unable to cite their sources. They must try to get the news past censorships and under every sort of handicap. Remember that as a general rule the American press associations and special correspondents of American newspapers provide the most reliable foreign news there is.

Here are points to watch:

1. Is the report credited to a foreign press service, Reuters, Central News or Exchange Telegraph of England, Havas of France, the official D.N.B. agency

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of Germany, the Tass Agency of Russia? If so, discount what it says. It may be true, and frequently is, but the fact that it is credited to the foreign agency means the U.S. press service has not yet been able to confirm the news, independently.

2. Does the dispatch bear the date line of one country but tell of events in another? Be skeptical if it does. These reports are apt to be compounded of gossip, propaganda and imagination. Some such dispatches are notorious. In this category are news reports from Riga, Latvia, concerning Russia, Paris newspaper reports of conditions in Germany, London dispatches interpreting events in Italy.

3. Does the news come from a country imposing a censorship? Only England, France and the Democratic countries in Europe are relatively without censorship. The dictatorships and Central Europe are heavily censored. The point to remember is that most censorships suppress news, rather than falsify. Thus, news from Berlin or Moscow probably is true—as far as it goes. But it tells only half the story. The rest has either been suppressed or buried so that the correspondent can't get hold of it. To slip news past censors, correspondents often start their dispatches with innocuous paragraphs telling how well things are going then wind up with a few significant hints as to how bad conditions really are.

Even if you follow all the rules there will still be a multitude of puzzling problems. For instance, one paper prints a big story on page one: "Europe Totters on Brink of War." The opposition sheet runs a calm paragraph on page sixteen. Which is right? Why this great difference? Let's be frank. There isn't any hard and fast rule-of-thumb by which you can test truth in newspapers as the chemist analyzes a reagent in his laboratory.

But here are some general fundamentals that will help:

1. *Read* your newspaper (not just the comics, the sports page and a casual glance at the headlines).

2. Read at least one other paper, preferably one known for its impartiality and ability to get the news.

3. Listen to radio news broadcasts and read at least one magazine dealing with world events.

4. Watch each newspaper, magazine or radio commentator for bias or distortion and adjust, accordingly, in your own mind everything that you read or hear.

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One way to discover bias is to watch these points:

1. Look at the editorial page. The paper probably lists itself as Democratic, Republican or Independent. Democratic and Republican papers naturally tend to give their side a break.

2. Read a few editorials of the Independent paper. If they consistently favor one party and attack the other the "independence" is probably a misnomer.

3. Take a look at the columnists in the paper. Mark Sullivan, Walter Lippman, Dorothy Thompson, Westbrook Pegler, Gen. Hugh Johnson and Paul Mallon generally sell a conservative line of arguments. Ernest Lindley, Heywood Broun and Jay Franklin handle the liberal side. If the paper prints both it's trying to be fair.

4. Check headlines against news stories. There's more apt to be bias in a headline than in other parts of the paper.

5. Keep an eye on the way a paper plays its stories. If you notice that introduction of a certain bill gets a banner on page one and its defeat is buried with the obituaries you can be pretty sure that editorial bias is involved.

Perhaps the biggest help in intelligent newspaper reading is this. Don't read just one paper. Read two, read three. Read as many as you can get. If you live in a small town, read a big city paper, too. If you live in a big city, read a New York paper. If you live in New York, read two New York papers. Read the papers the newspapermen read to get the news. They read the *New York Times* first (it has flaws but it's the No. 1 paper of the world). If you live in the East, read your local paper and the *Times*. If you live in the West, read your local paper and the *Chicago Daily News* or *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Take the Sunday edition of the *New York Times* if you can. Read some of these papers: the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Baltimore Sun*, the *Washington Post*, the *Philadelphia Record*, the *New York Herald-Tribune* and the *Milwaukee Journal*.

Balance one paper's account against another. By reading several you will get a fairly clear perspective. Not because any of them are impartial or one hundred per cent accurate. That is impossible. But because the fault of one balances out the fault of the other. The truth lies somewhere in between and the intelligent reader can come reasonably close to knowing what is going on.

—Michael Evans

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THE GOOD TASTE TEST

Which Object in Each Pair
Do You Prefer? Answers on Page 120

ART isn't held in escrow by the museums and art galleries. On the premise that a useful object should also be an artistic object, modern designers undertake the task of making the utensils of everyday life more efficient and more attractive to the eye. On the following pages you see some of the results of this new "machine art." Keep in mind the fact that the efficiency of each object is more important than its appearance, but that the right combination of efficiency and appearance is what makes good "machine art." These familiar articles, some of them loaned from the Museum of Modern Art, New York, provide the basis of the fourth Coronet Taste Test. There are two of every kind, both good but one preferable to the other. It is up to you to select the one in each pair that you consider generally superior.

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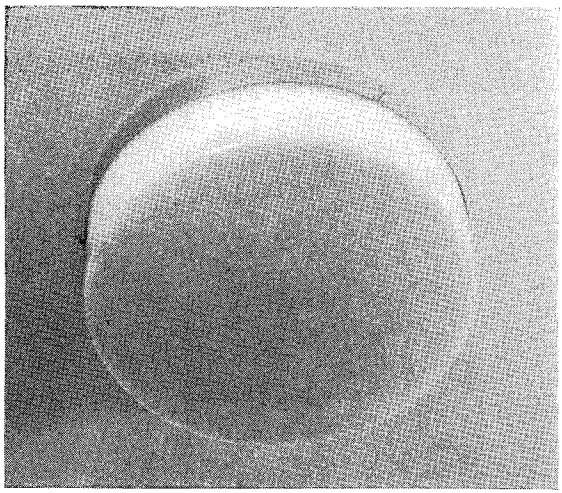
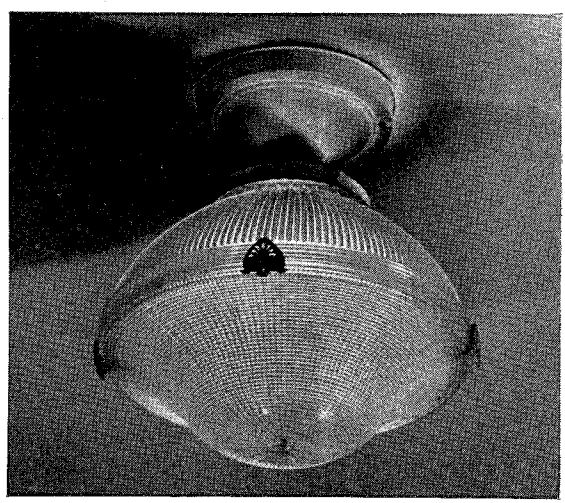


A



B

1 *Two ceiling lights. Before the enlightened days of indirect lighting they were more important than they are now, but they're still around. Which one would you install?*

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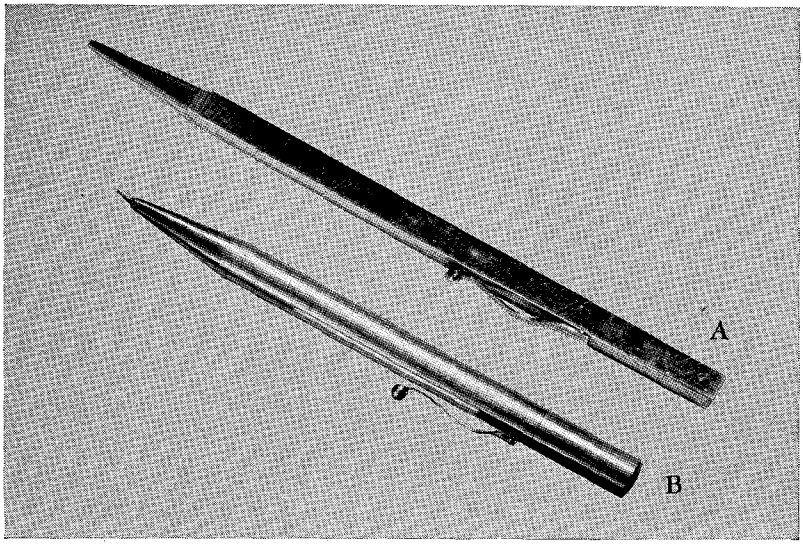
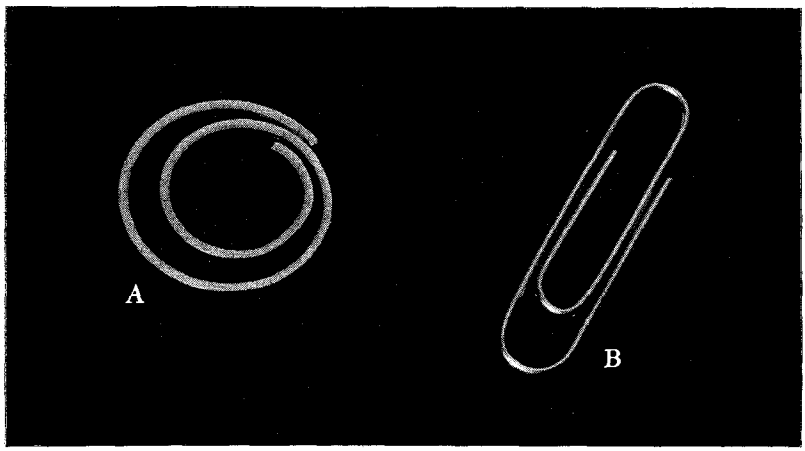


2 *Two metal pencils, both of the refillable type. If you were pencil-shopping, which would you buy?*



3 *Both of these paper clips represent the ultimate in functional design, but which of them would you prefer?*

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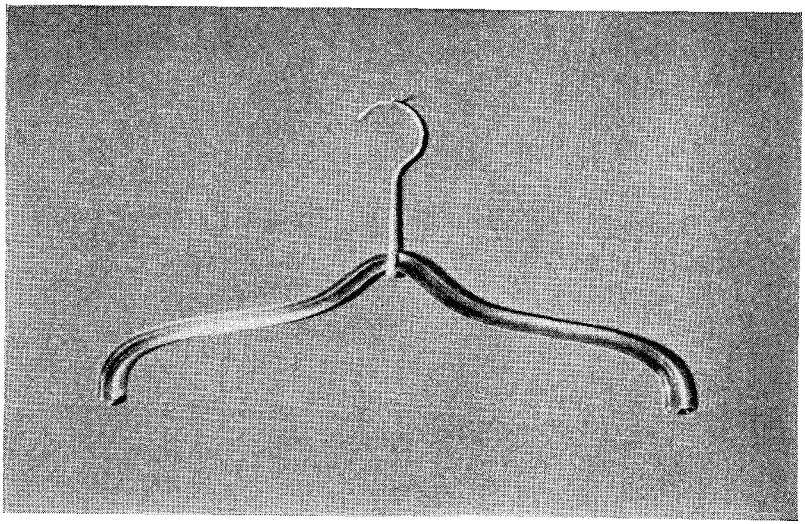
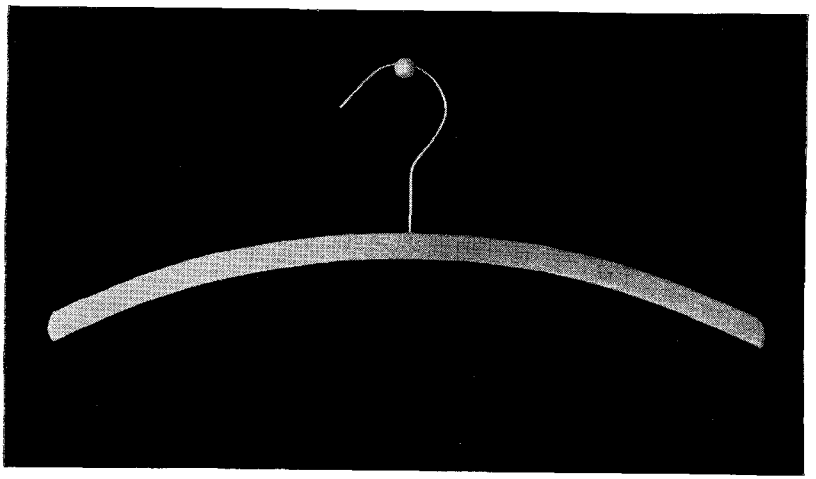


A



B

4 The lower picture shows the more familiar type of coat hanger, the top picture a new idea, made of metal. If you happened to be hanging coats, which hanger would you reach for?

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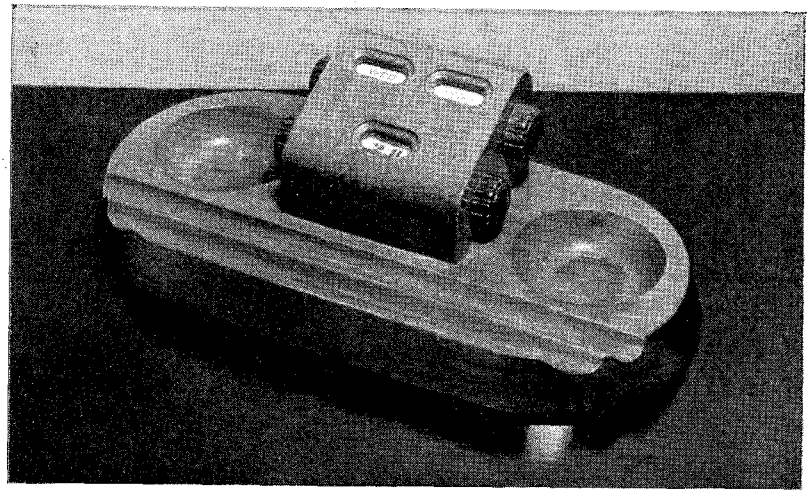

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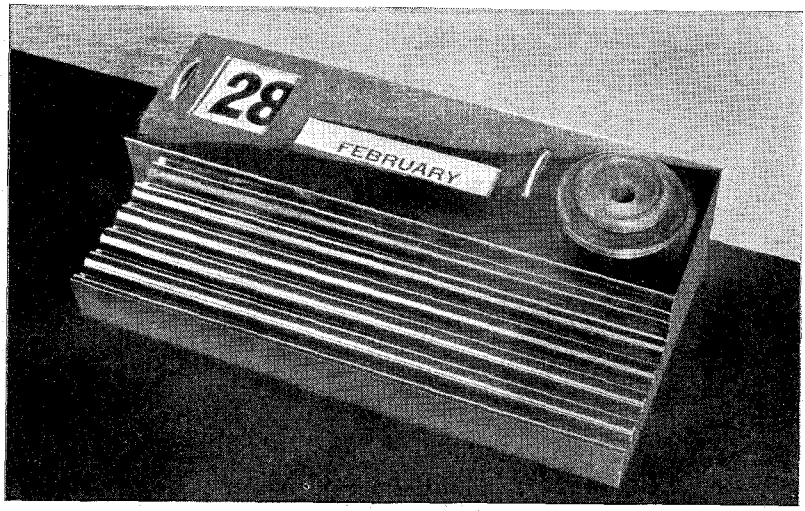

B

5 *Indispensable to any desk is a desk set. Here are two of different types, supplying different sorts of service. Which of the two would you purchase for your desk?*

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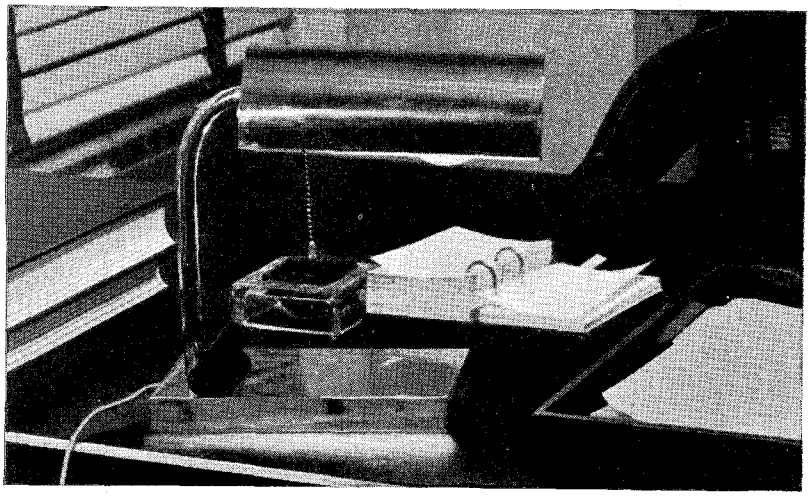

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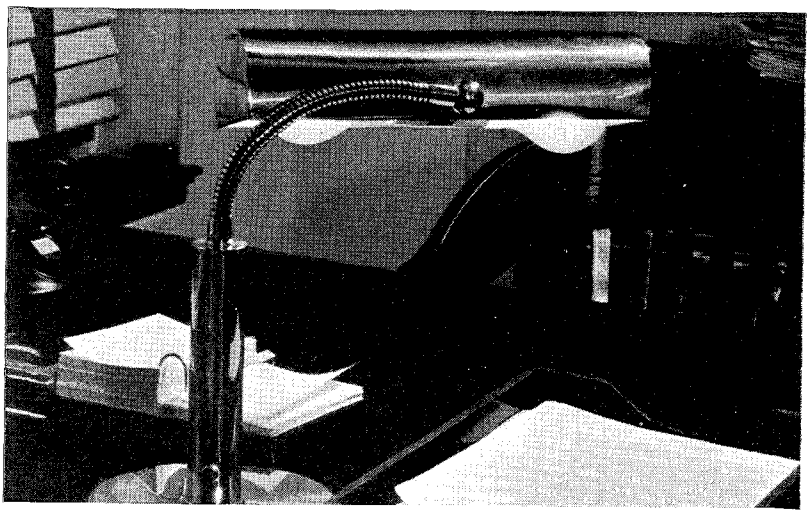

B

6 *Consider the inevitable desk light, and the function it must perform. Which of these strikes you as being a better all-around fixture for a business desk?*

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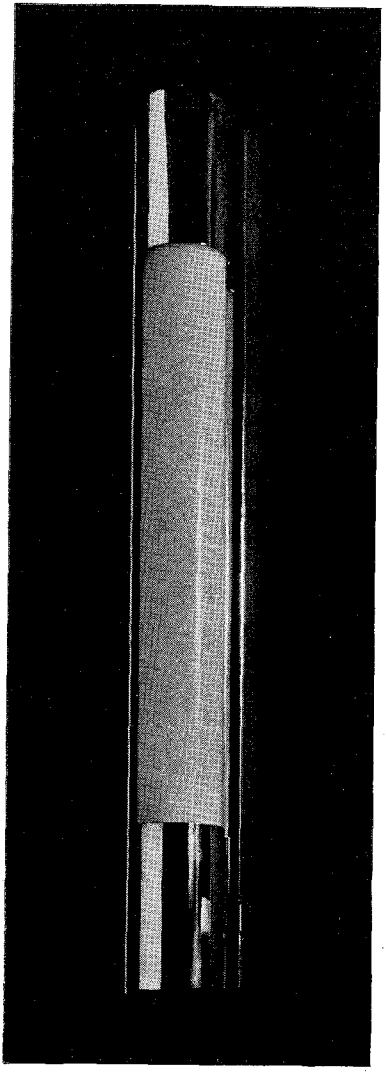

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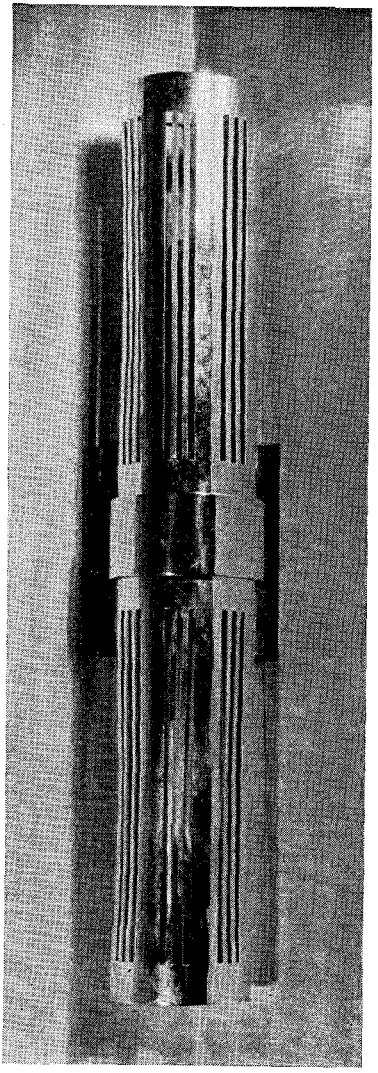

B

7 *These are wall lights, the sort usually found in the corner of a nook or cranny. Which of these two would you install in preference to the other?*

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THE MOTE IN HER EYE

MARIE DISCOVERED THAT THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN LIVING WITH ONE'S OWN SINS

HE WAS very well satisfied with this girl who had been in his service for several weeks. But now she wanted to leave. It hurt him that she was going away. He had asked her, "Why do you want to leave?" By way of answer he had expected her to demand a bigger salary, or give one of the other stock reasons. But instead she had been ill at ease, her eyes downcast, her face unhappy. It was such a singular attitude that, surprised and vaguely disquieted, he had insisted on hearing her reasons. Finally she spoke:

"I should have preferred to say nothing but, sir, you force me. It is really quite simple. You will understand everything soon. I do not know whether you noticed, sir, but the references I showed you when I came to apply for this job were not continuous. There was a period of a year for which I had no reference. That was because, during that particular year, I was in prison. I had killed my lover."

He started. She went on, her voice still lower:

"Now . . . you see, sir, you should have let me go without asking any questions."

He motioned for her to continue. She obeyed.

"To be sure, when you saw my name on the references, Marie Pravedat, it recalled nothing to you. Every day there are so many stories like mine. However, mine did receive a lot of newspaper publicity. 'The little housemaid and the zinc-worker . . . The end of a sad affair. . . . Six revolver shots rid her of a troublesome lover.' And then my photo and his.

"Zinc-worker is what they called him. I don't know if he'd been one for long. As far as zinc was concerned I believe he was best acquainted with it in bar fixtures. So that he could spend his days in bars, drinking and gambling, he wanted me to get money for him by . . . you know what I mean,

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sir. I couldn't do it. My man appealed to me all right, but that kind of life! It would have made my flesh creep. I used to tell him angrily, 'No, never!' each time he would bring it up. He was crazy mad on the subject.

"Then he began to beat me. Each time we met, he would beat me. It would enrage him to see me still set, still stubborn. I was afraid. I bought a revolver. One day I became completely terrified. I shot. They gave me a year in jail.

"My sentence finished, I began once more to work. I found a place quickly with very fine people. My fears were realized the very next day after the lady of the house had engaged me. She was all tangled up in the excuse she was giving me—she stammered, she blushed, and ended up by telling me frankly, 'My poor girl, whatever you did I understand that it was in self-defense. But now that I know that you have. . . . The idea, then, that your hands are going to touch my baby, that you will serve dinner to my husband. . . . I don't know what to . . . No, I could not have it!'

"So it went, one job after another. Soon I no longer wanted a job. What a life always to feel my employers staring at me, or to imagine they were, for it amounts to the same thing. To say to myself always, 'They are thinking that I have killed!' No, it would have been unbearable. However, since I was alive I had to live. And since I was a housemaid I had to find a position.

"Also I had this idea: to place myself in the household of someone in my fix. A man who had killed a woman, without malice, as this was done. He would not be shocked; he would understand what I had done.

"I had only to look through old newspapers. That is how I found your name, sir. I saw that . . . that you had been very jealous of your wife, and that . . ."

"Yes," said the man.

He had grown pale, and his forehead was beaded with sweat. At the same time his eyes were drawn toward a corner of the room where one evening his guilty wife had pleaded for forgiveness. He regained control of himself and said, "But you have not told me yet why you want to leave."

The girl lowered her eyes and confessed, "Ah, sir, I know very well that it's foolish—believe me, I have tried—I wanted to be reasonable, but it is stronger than I. I cannot . . . I cannot live side by side with an assassin!"

—André Birabeau

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TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI

18TH CENTURY ENGLISH PORTRAITS

"Well-coloured pictures," wrote Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792) for all to read, "are in more esteem and sell for higher prices than in reason they seem to deserve." He was by no means referring to his own work, but it could almost be argued that the shoe fits. Well-colored indeed, imbued with grace and genuine elegance, his portraits yet fall short of his reputation in the achievement of any true greatness of characterization. Above is his portrait of Mrs. Robinson.

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TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI

MRS. JOHNSON BY ROMNEY

When he was supreme in London, Reynolds was completely supreme —but along came Gainsborough and Romney in the latter part of the 18th century to make it "the great trio." The mounting prestige of George Romney (1734-1802) particularly ate into Reynolds' commissions. Celebrated beauties, court ladies and actresses sat for Romney and he invariably gave them what they wanted: an idealization of themselves that still cunningly managed to retain their likeness.

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CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM MARY M. EMERY COLL.

MRS. CORBET AND HER DAUGHTER BY ROMNEY

Romney could limn a pretty face as charmingly as anyone. He was primarily a formula painter, but not for lack of groping toward originality. Under the influence of a visionary poet named Hayley, Romney undertook any number of lyrical, far-fetched conceptions. Few of these canvases, however, were ever completed. His furthest departure from conventional portraiture—and this was his high water mark—were his numerous allegorical paintings of Lady Hamilton.

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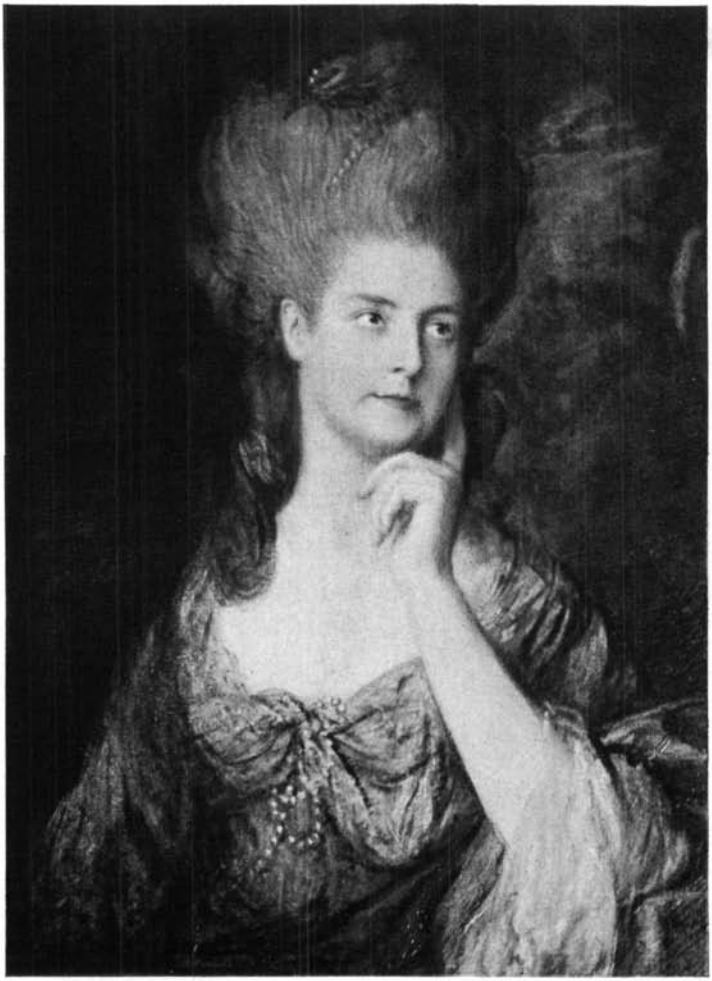

TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI

MARIA WALPOLE BY GAINSBOROUGH

Sir Thomas Gainsborough (1727-1788) outmatched both Reynolds and Romney in talent, if not in popularity, though he eventually won his full meed of fame. More true to the character of his subject, his portraits are no less charming and much more sincerely achieved.

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PAUL LOUIS HEXTER CLEVELAND

FIGUREHEAD

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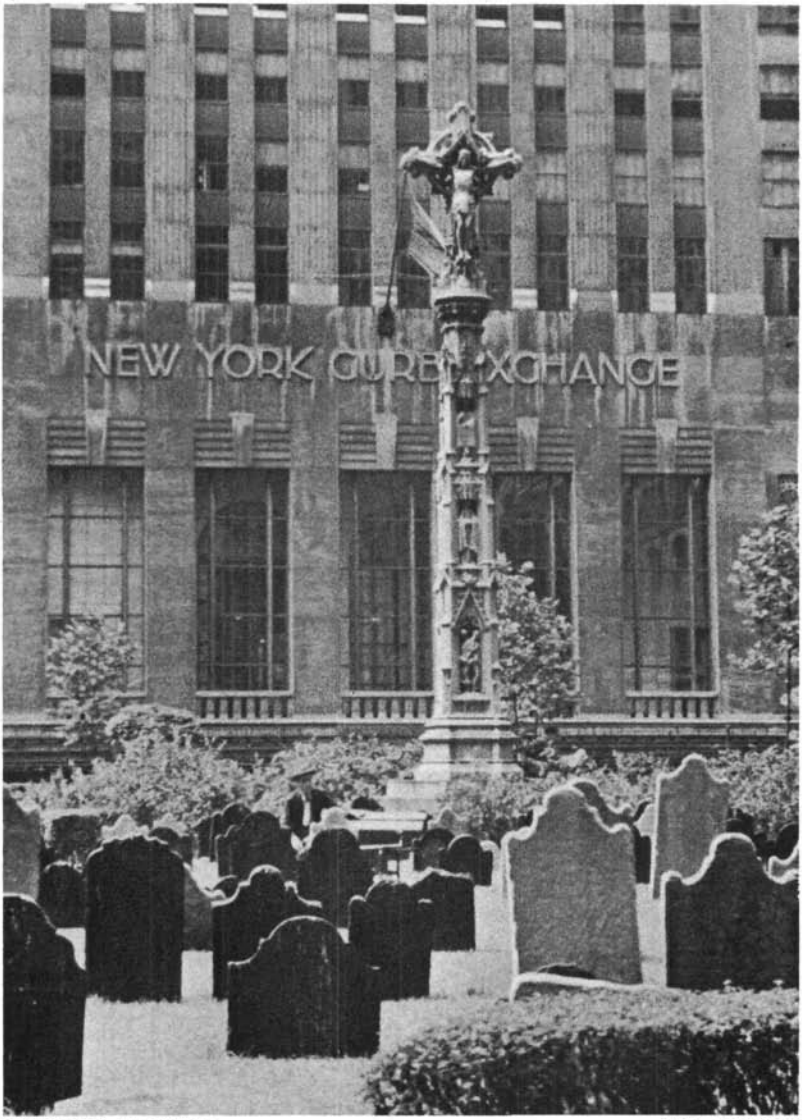

FREDERIC HUESTON LOS ANGELES

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

CORONET

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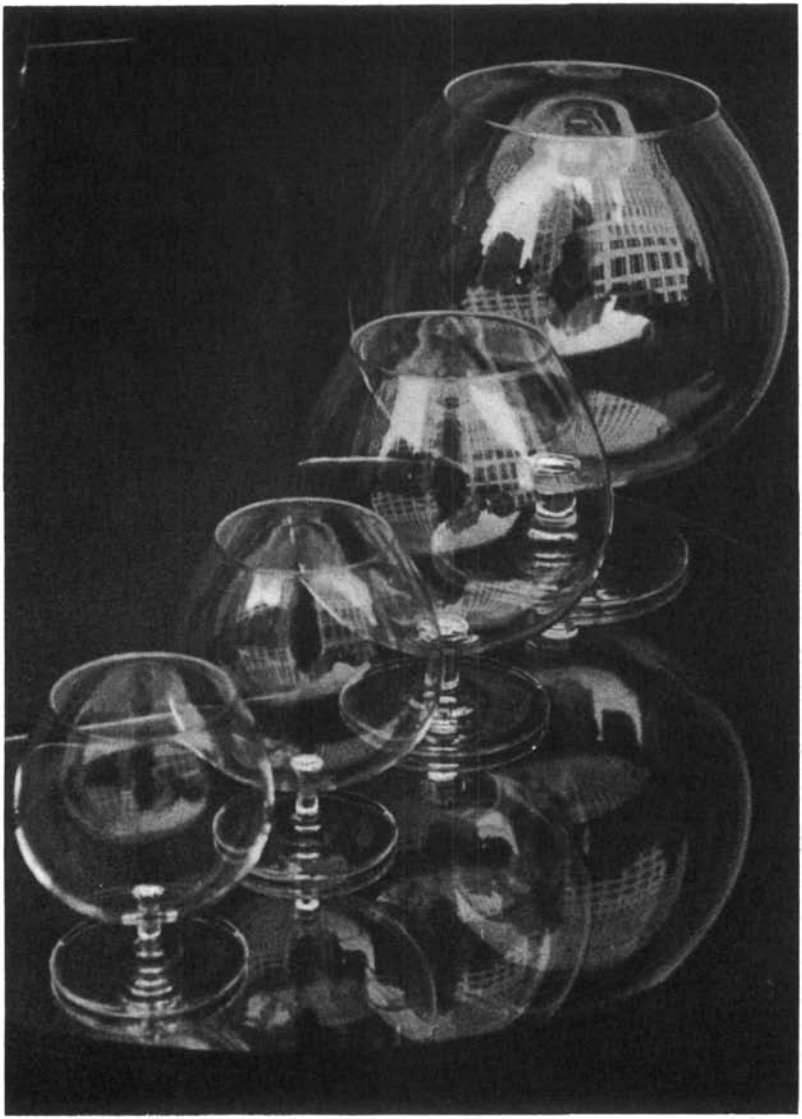

GUSTAV GERLACH BROOKLYN

ASSORTED REFLECTIONS

MAY, 1939

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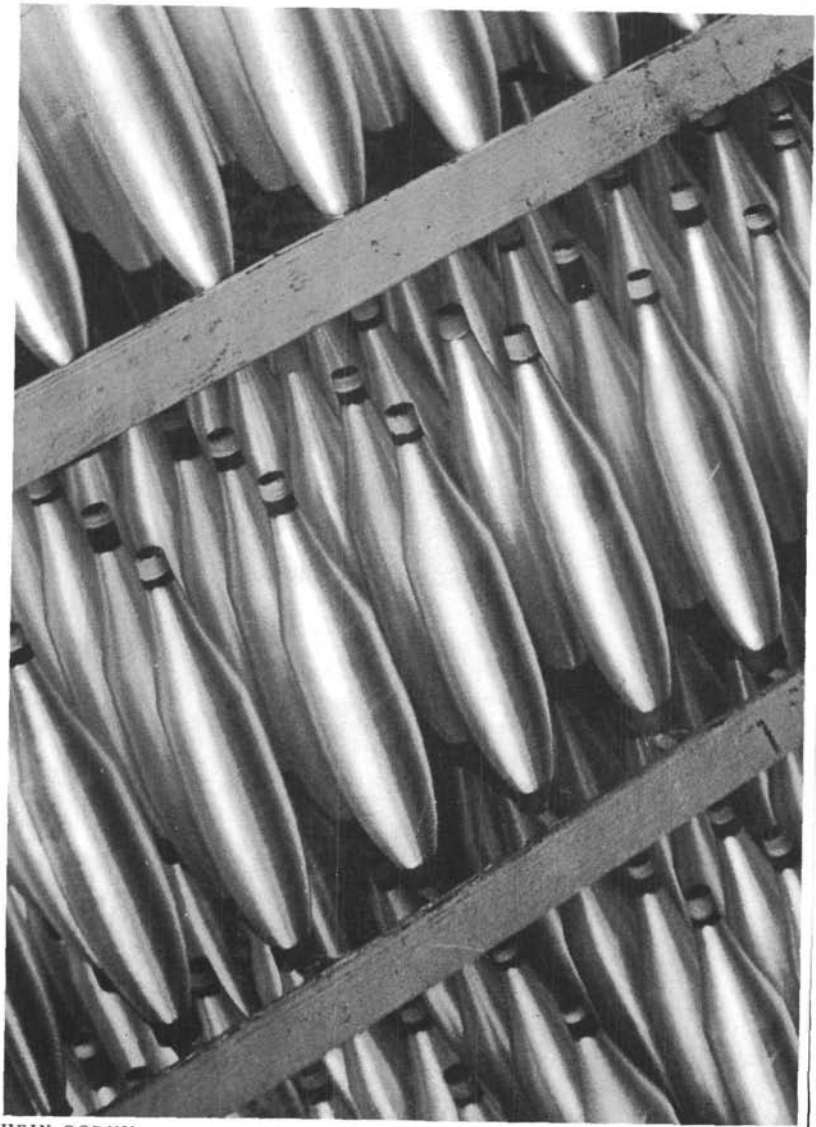

HEIN GORNY NEW YORK

WEAVER'S ARSENAL

CORONET

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WILLINGER BUDAPEST

CHANTEUSE

CORONET

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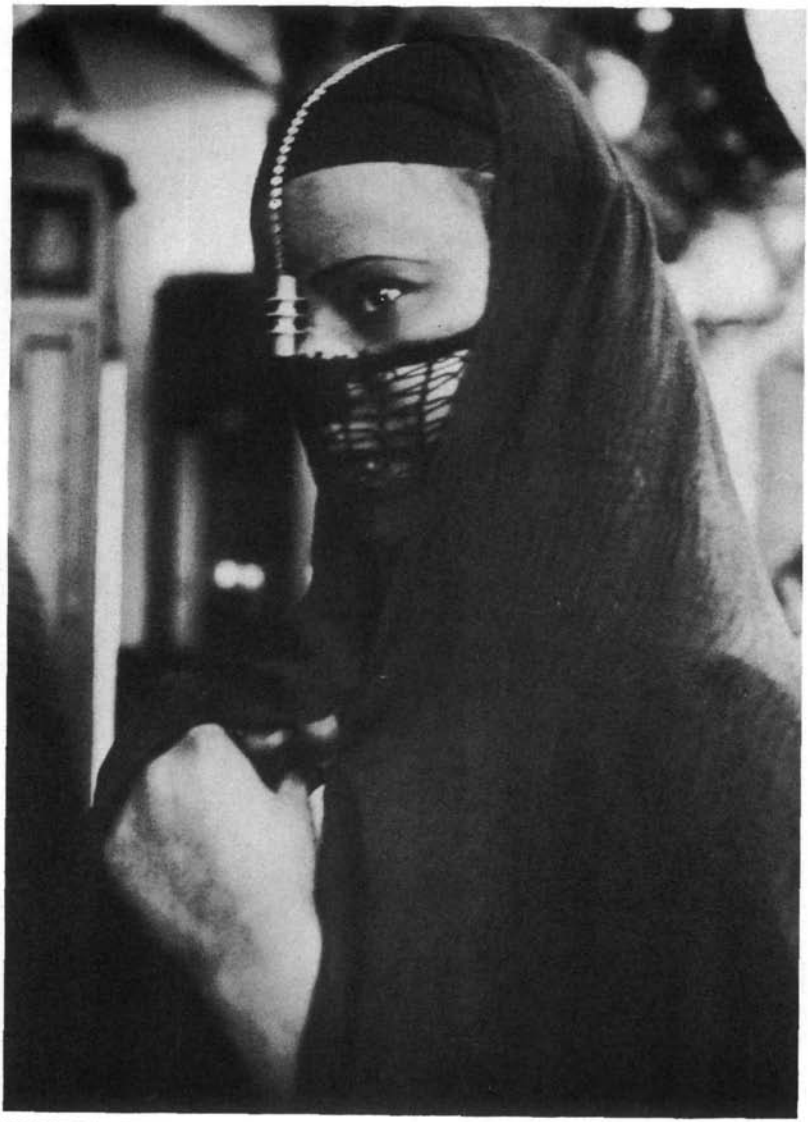

ERNST RATHENAU NEW YORK

HOURI

MAY, 1939

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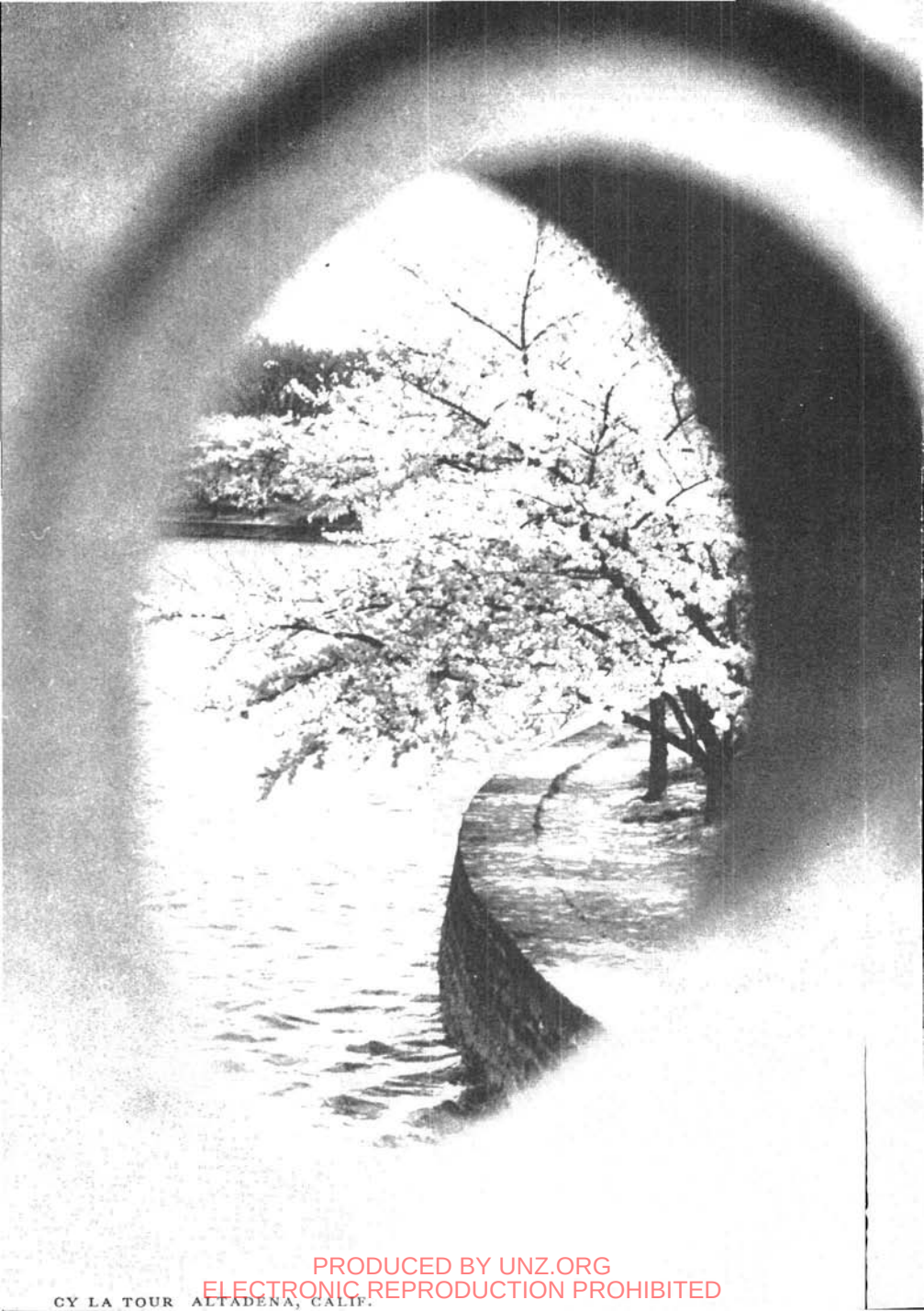

CY LA TOUR ALTADENA, CALIF.

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SCHALL FROM PIX

AGLOW

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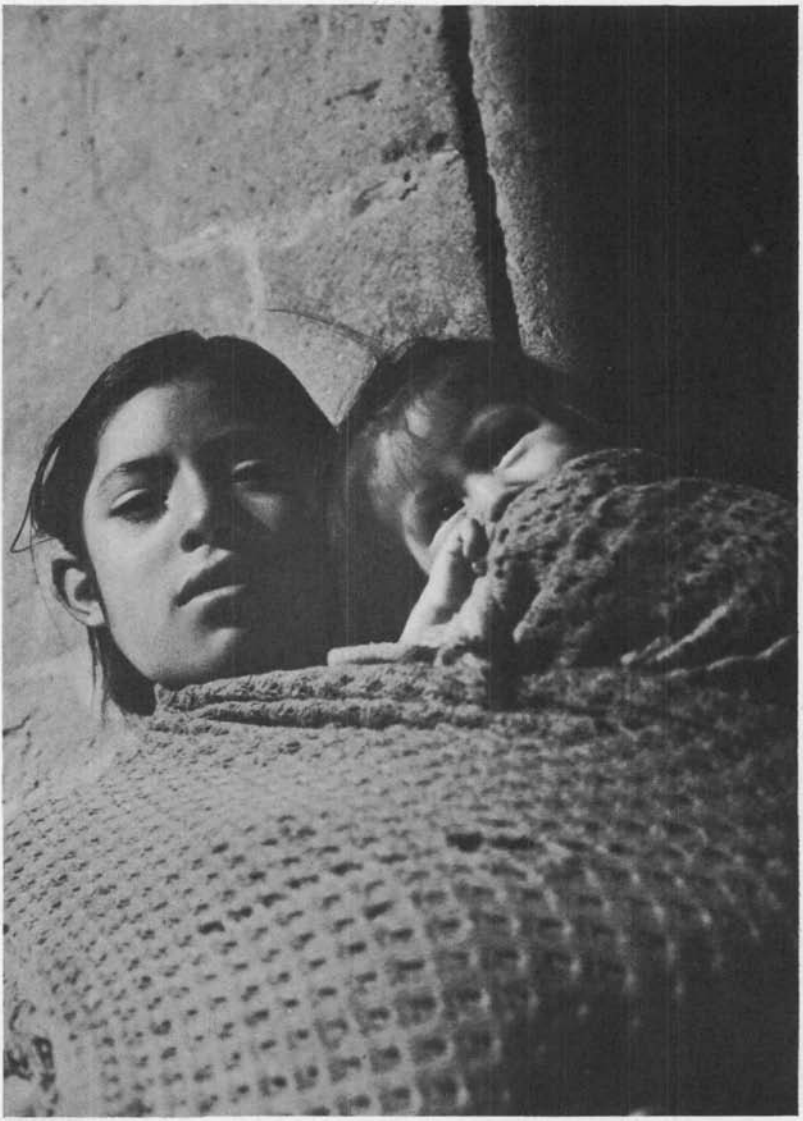

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

GENESIS

CORONET

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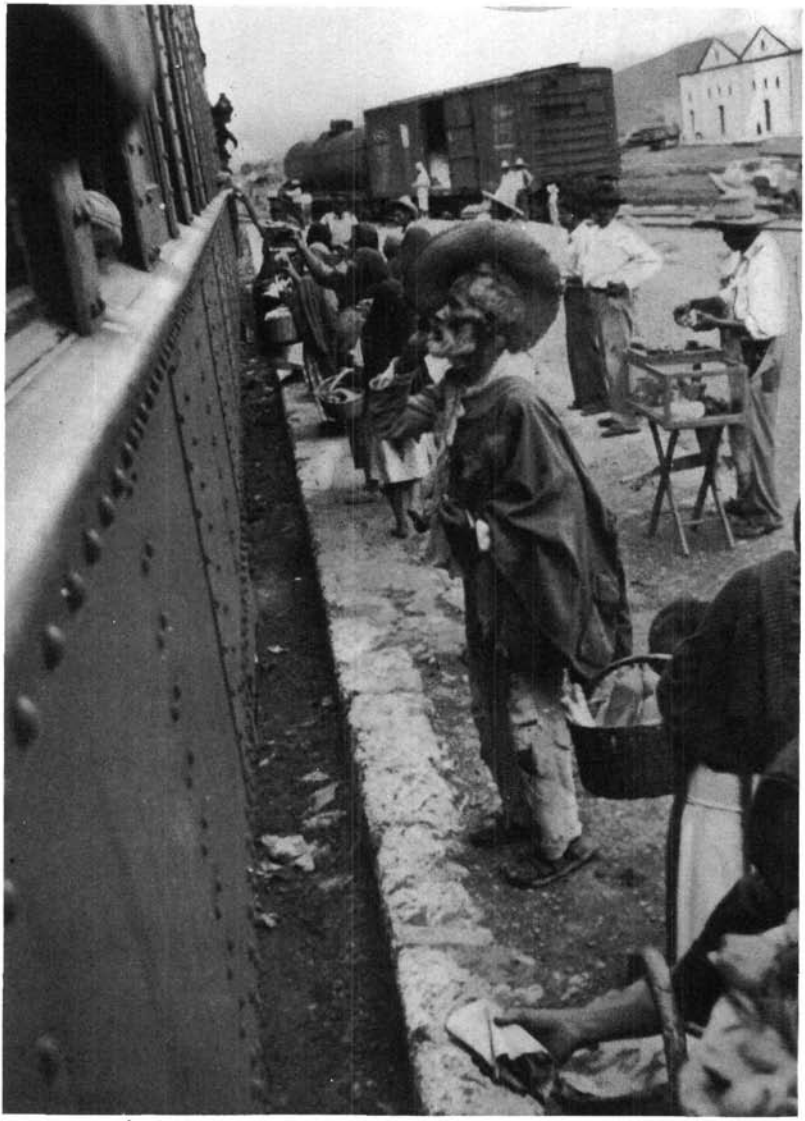
GORNY, NEW YORK



ROBERTO FÉLIX SALAZAR LAREDO, TEXAS

ASK

CORONET

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ROBERTO FÉLIX SALAZAR LAREDO, TEXAS

GIVE

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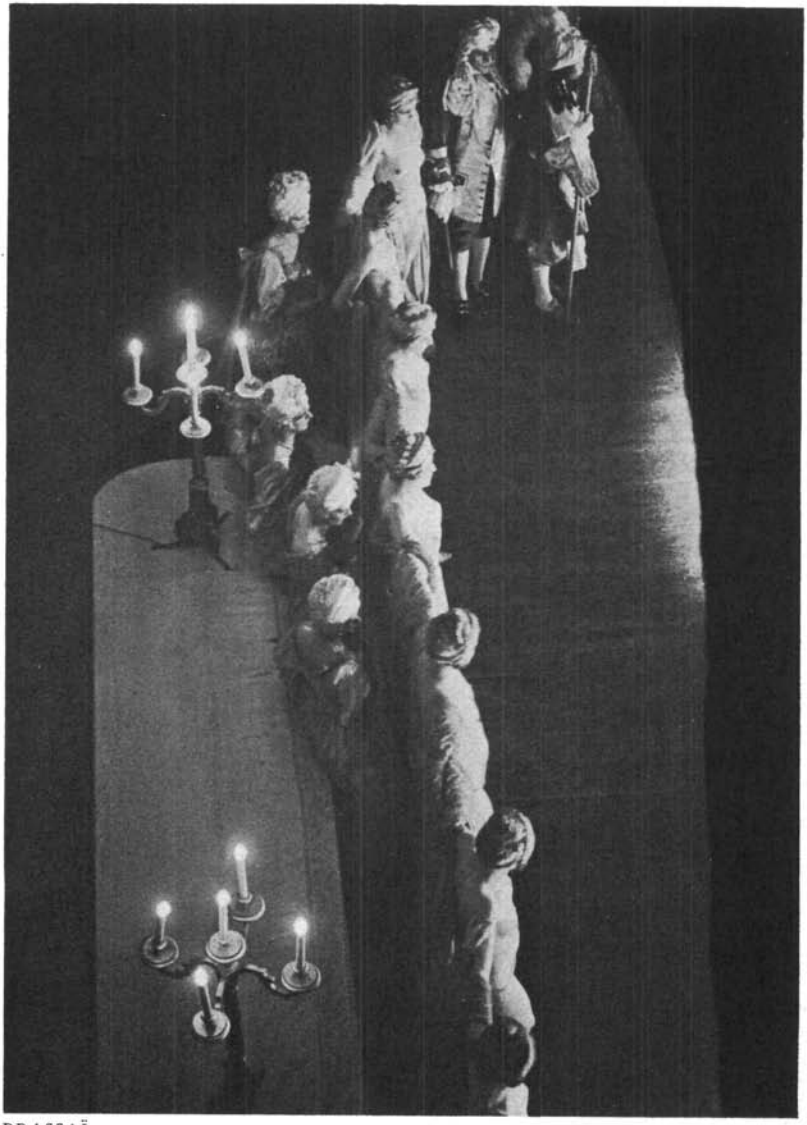

BRASSAÏ PARIS

CURTAIN CALL

CORONET

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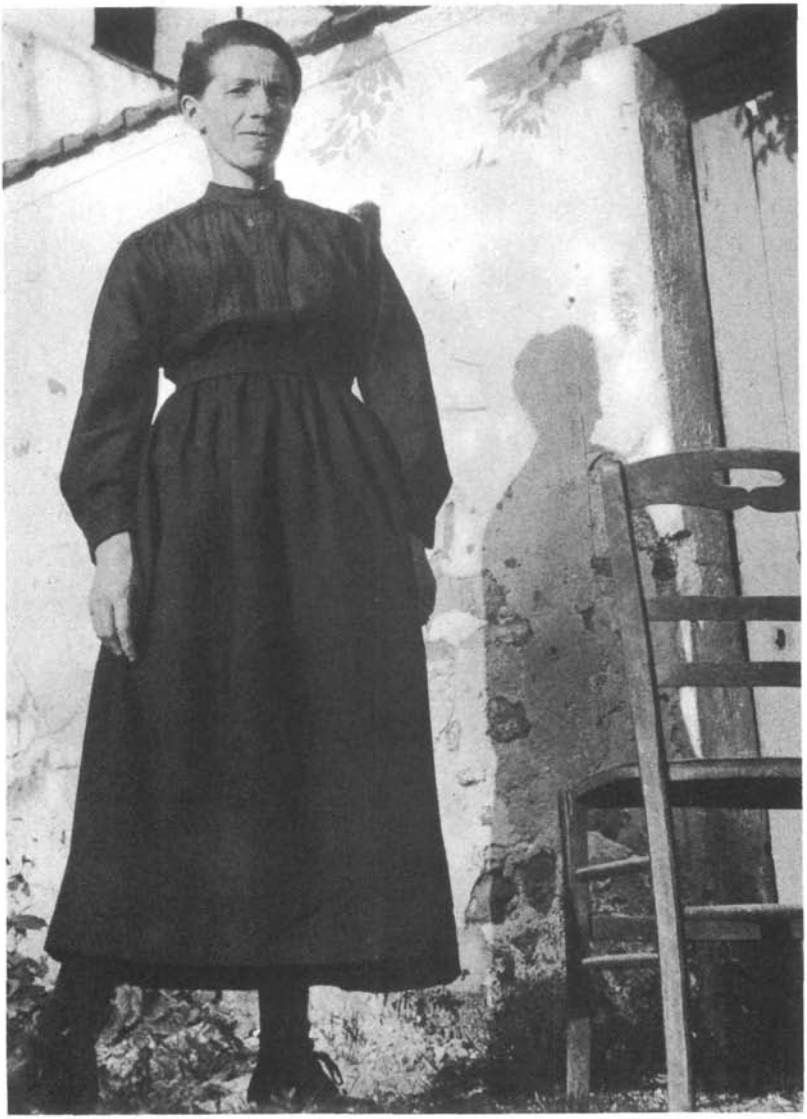

NORA DUMAS PARIS

PEASANT STOCK

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BERKÓ

BOMBAY

HOTEL'S-EYE-VIEW

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REVES-BIRO NEW YORK

ARABIAN SLUM

MAY, 1939

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ANDRÉ DIÈNES PARIS

WATERSPORT

CORONET

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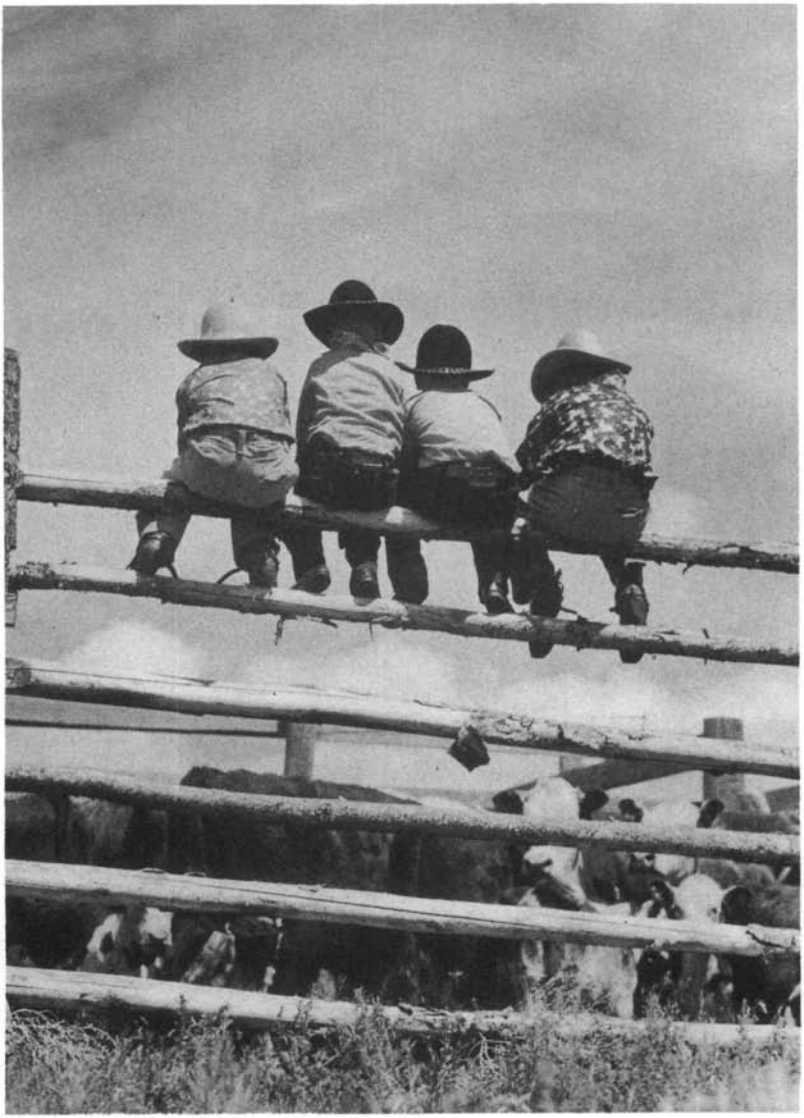

CY LA TOUR ÁLTADENA, CALIF.

COW BOYS

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HARRISON FORMAN NEW YORK

CHOPSTICKS

CORONET

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

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VADAS FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

GOOSE STEPS

CORONET

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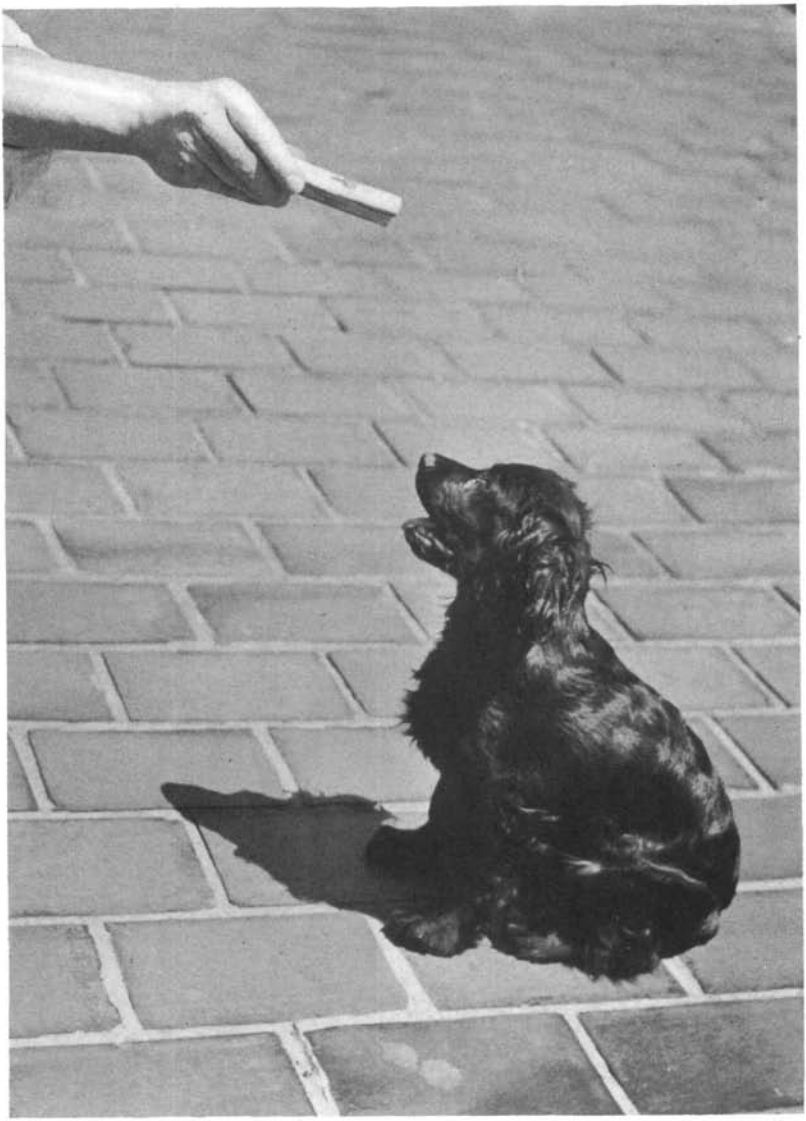

FRITZ HENLE FROM BLACK STAR

TEASED OUT

MAY, 1939

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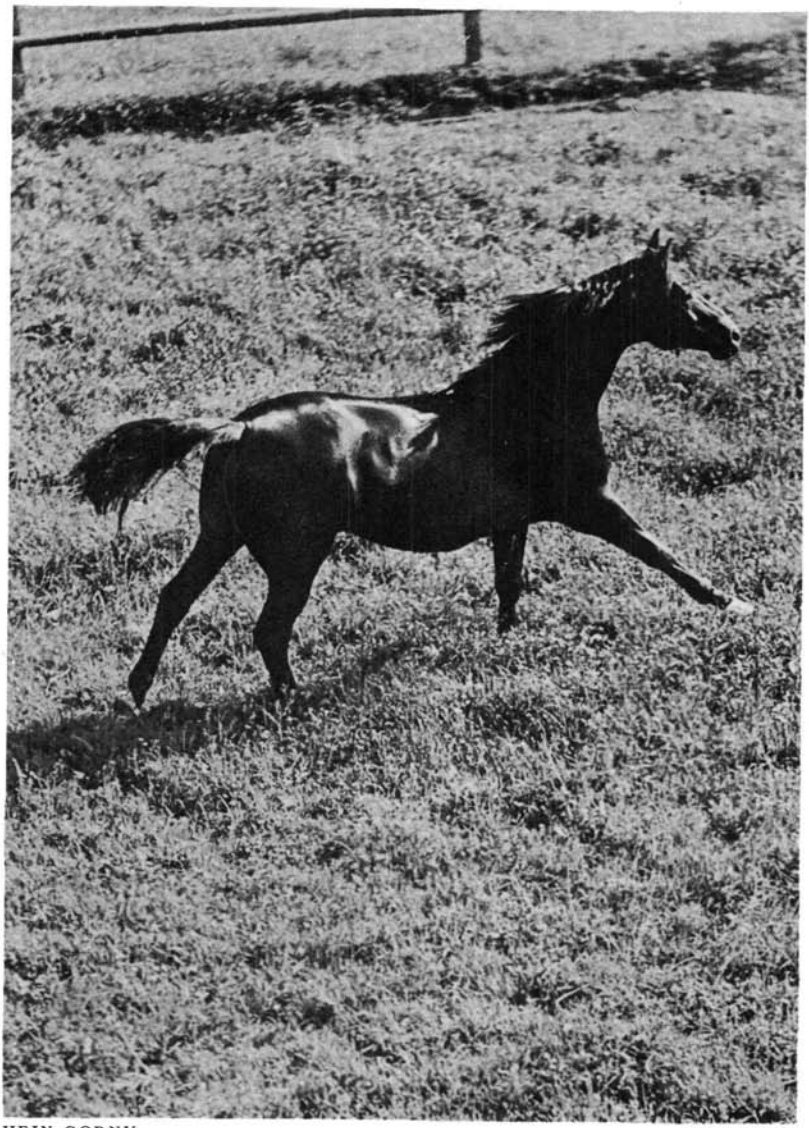

HEIN GORNY NEW YORK

FOOTLOOSE

CORONET

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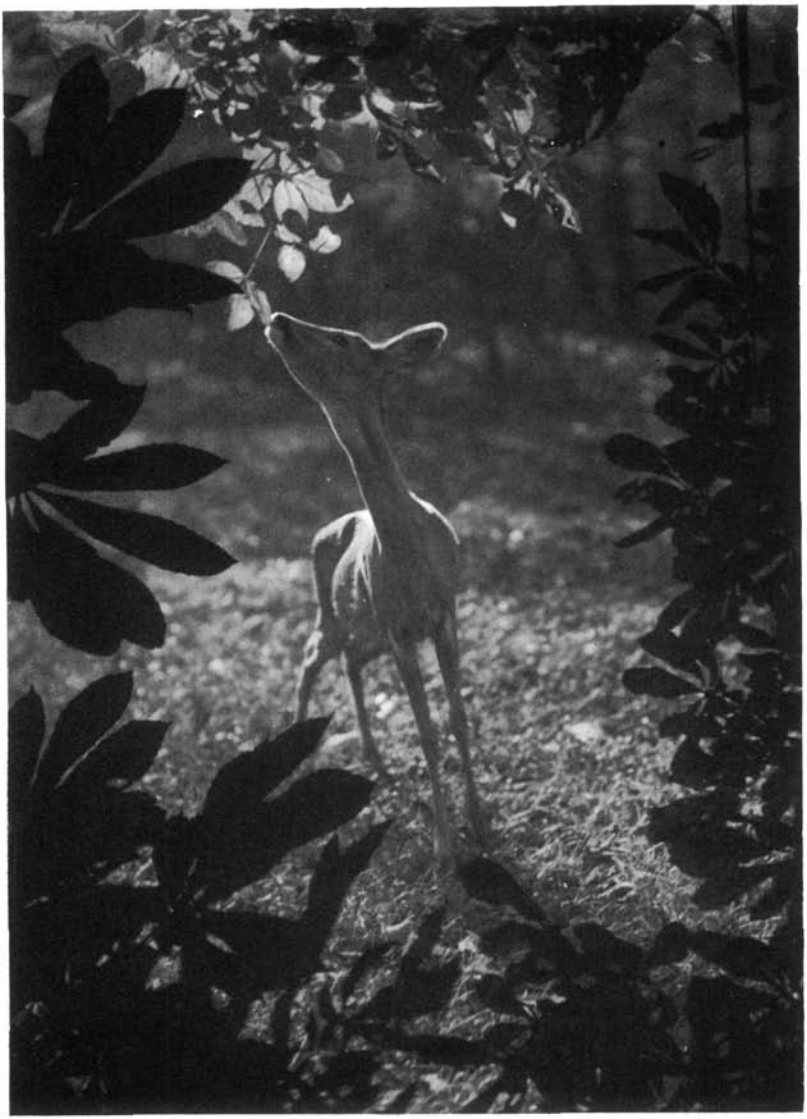

VADAS FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

APPETIZER

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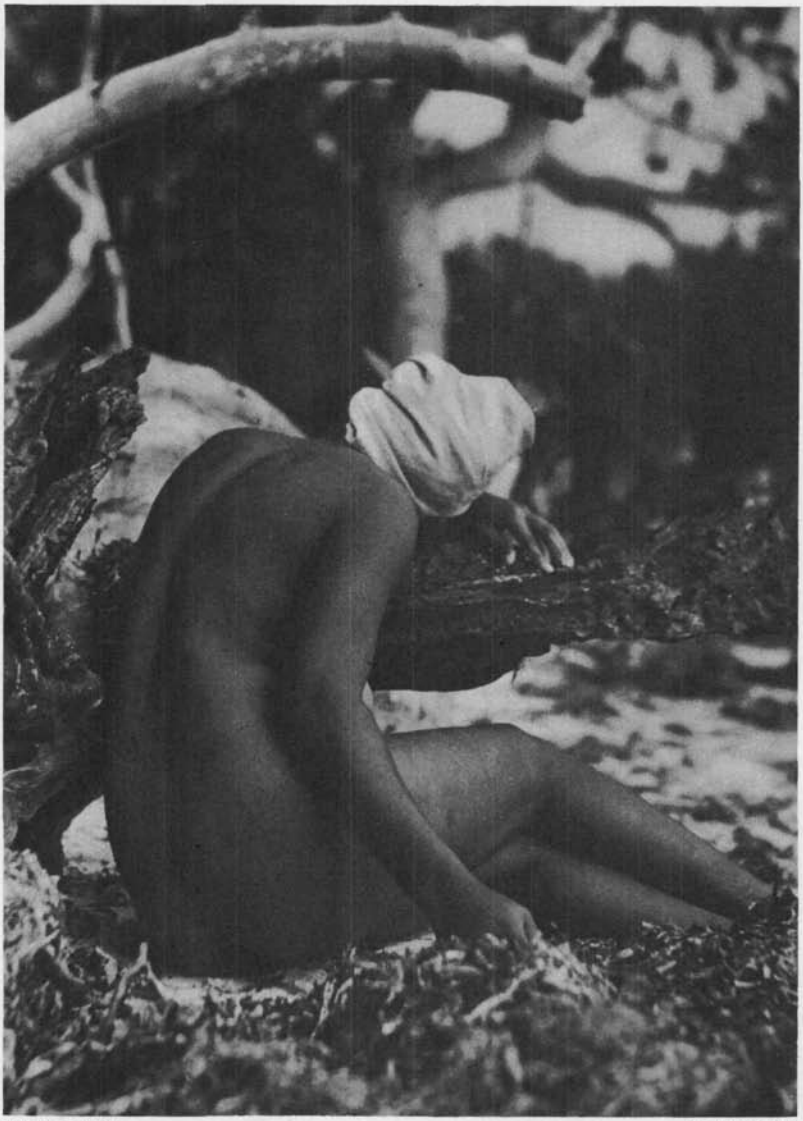

NELL DORR NEW YORK

CONGO

CORONET

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BLUMENFELD, PARIS

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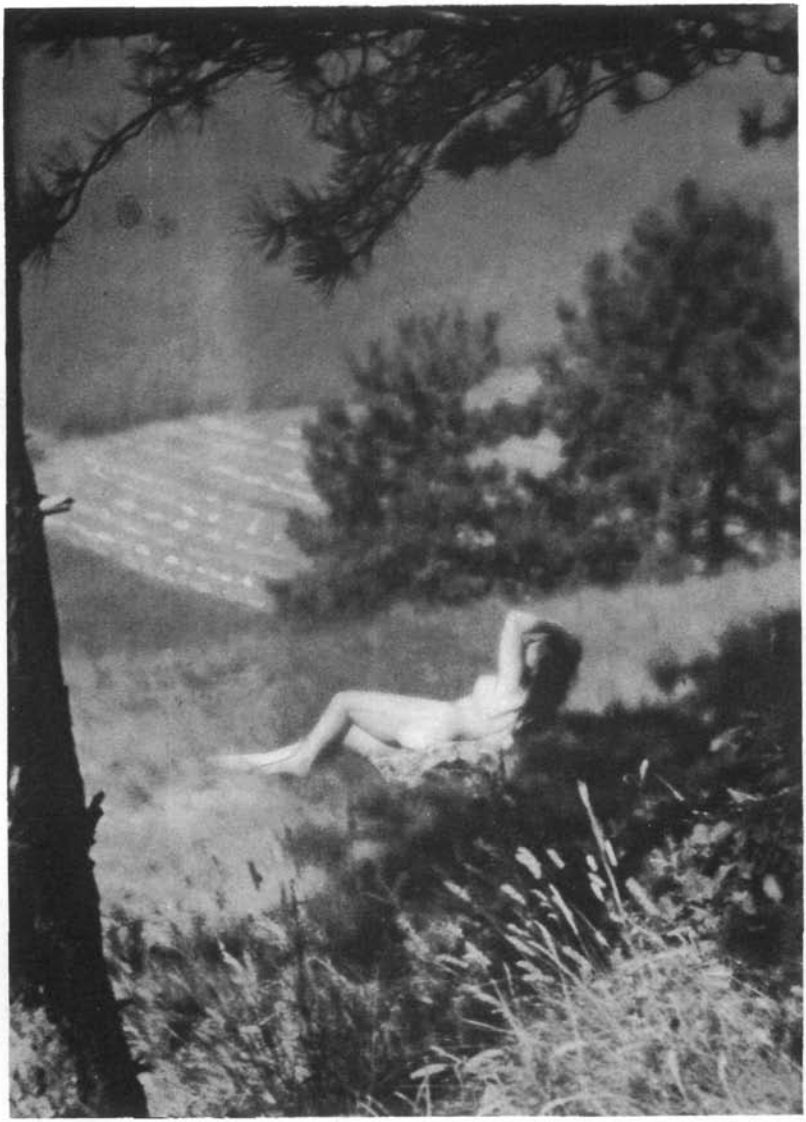

K. SZÖLLÖSY FROM ILL-PHO, BUDAPEST

LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURE

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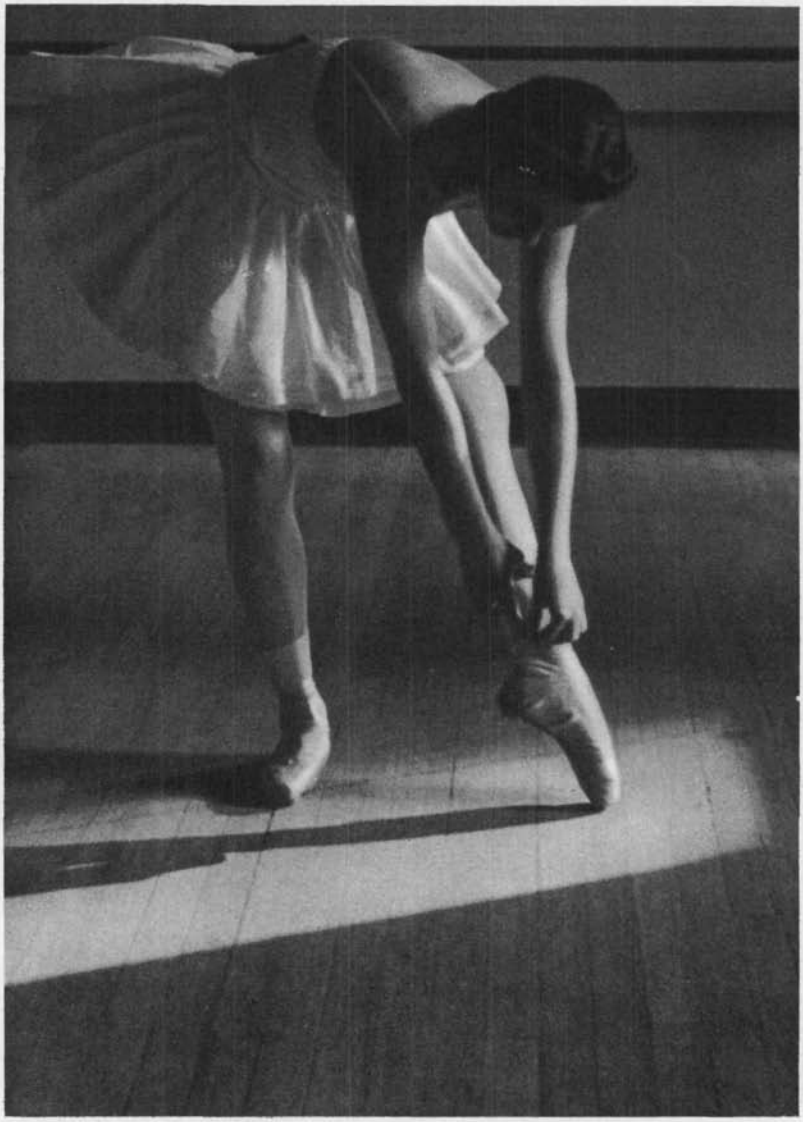

WESTELIN CHICAGO

SYLPHIDE

CORONET

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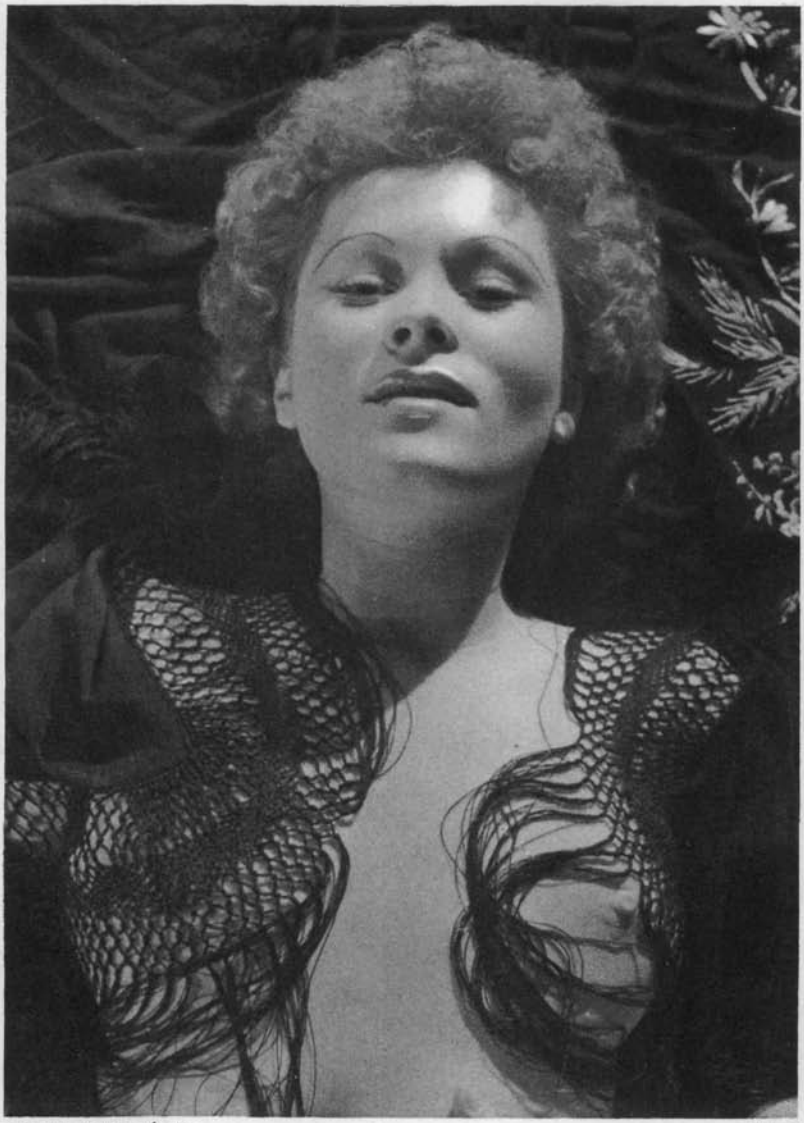

MARIE AND BÓREL PARIS

BLACK SHAWL

MAY, 1939

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MURIEL PARIS

RIGOR MORTIS

CORONET

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EPICURE

MAN BITES STEAK—ONLY FIRST YOU'VE GOT TO SERVE HIM A DISHFUL OF ATMOSPHERE

"CAN I what? Can I direct you to some good restaurants in this town! Well, brother, I'll say I can! Boy, are you lucky you asked me! I'm practically a regular guide book."

"That's fine. I was sort of hankering for a big dish of . . ."

"The place that's getting the biggest play right now is an alley joint called The Thieves' Den. You knock on the door, and a guy says, 'What's your record?' and you say, 'San Quentin, 1938, bigamy' or 'Atlanta, ten years, mail robbery' and they let you in. The headwaiter says, 'Where do you rats want to sit?' Quite a lot of atmosphere. Waiters all wear masks and talk tough, and when you pay your check the headwaiter comes over and holds a gun on you. Prices are high, too, but that's part of the fun."

"That sounds interesting, but what I really wanted was . . ."

"Then, of course, there is Dirty Joe's. Boy, is that popular! They got it fixed up inside like a hobo jungle. You sit on a soup box and Dirty Joe brings you a menu. No matter what you order he hollers, 'The guy wants Mulligan.' I guess they have the most famous Mulligan in the world. And get one of their Canned Heat twisters."

"But isn't there some place where . . ."

"You'll want to go to Catelli's, too, an Italian joint. You'll find everyone in town at Catelli's. About ten o'clock every night Catelli and his wife have a fight and start throwing things. It's a scream."

"What's that place across the street?"

"What place? You mean that little restaurant with the white tablecloths and all the silverware and everyone eating quietly?"

"Yes."

"Well, to tell the truth, I've never been there. The only thing I ever heard about it was the food is good." —DOUG WELCH

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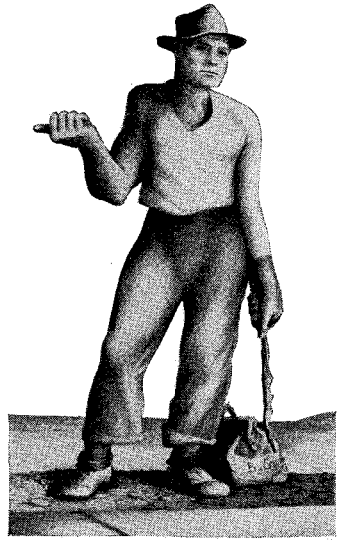

INTIMATE GLIMPSES

Lithographs by Benton Spruance

BENTON SPRUANCE was going to be an artist, come hell and high water. At the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia (he was born in that city in 1909), he was twice awarded a traveling fellowship. At twenty, in Paris, he started making lithographs, since which time he has been strengthened in the conviction that this is his medium. With it he probes successfully into the intimate, subsurface strata of the lives and character of people and places. Married and with two young sons, he chose teaching in preference to commercial art as a way of keeping the home fires burning. He stands convicted of being a first-rate instructor, possibly an influence. The patient fellow with the protruding thumb at the top of the page is the artist's version of a typical facet of American experience.

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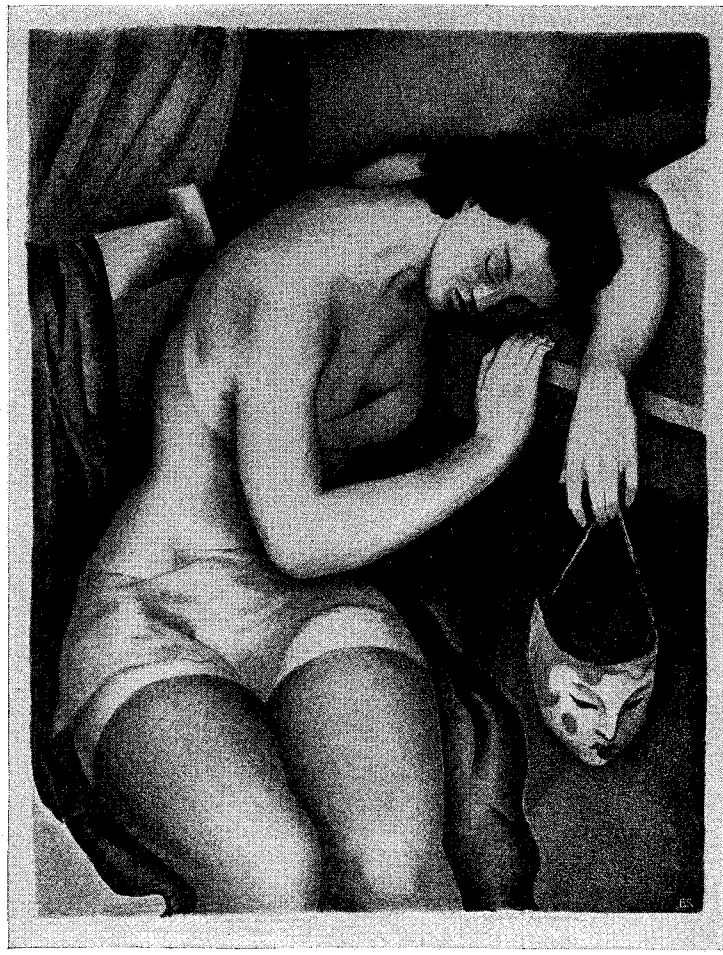

WEYHE GALLERY, NEW YORK

PLAYER UNMASKED

The artist wants to be psychological here, essaying an aspect of universal, or sex, rather than local, experience. The dangling mask suggests Paris of the *Oo la la!* vein. The face, tense in its troubled doze, and the unrelaxed arm are tokens of unrest. The whole picture is one of disillusion, not of the dramatic sort but of the kind that is so normal and matter-of-fact we take it for granted.

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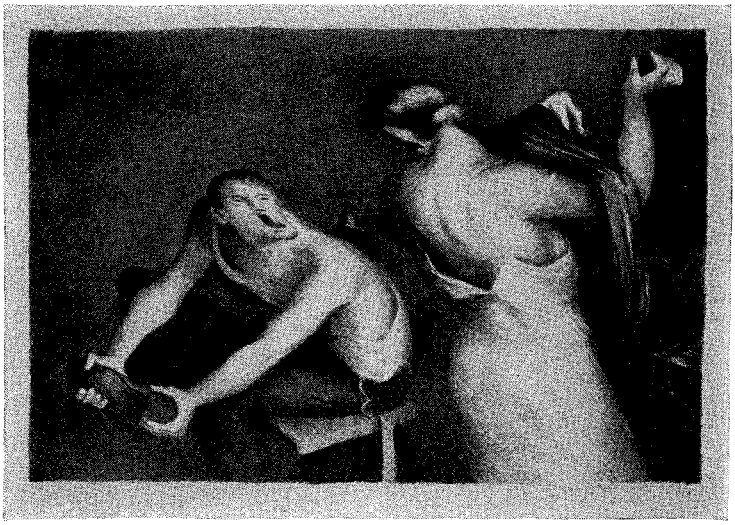

CAUSTIC COMMENT

Above. This is a lithograph by one artist which tells you how another artist, Franklin Watkins, paints. It might be a transposition to another medium of a Watkins oil. There is in it the same statement of the human figure in a moment of domestic conflict, such as, for example, Watkins' *Man Laughing at Woman* —a little less bold in treatment but equally eloquent.

GIRL WITH GLOVES

Right. Psychologically, this young woman lives on the other side of town from *Player Unmasked.* She is in perfect possession of her universe, she is discreet and virginal. Consider her gloves as a symbol of impeccable propriety. Paradoxically enough, the characterization is true to life and at the same time other worldly, as if it had been copied from an Italian altarpiece.

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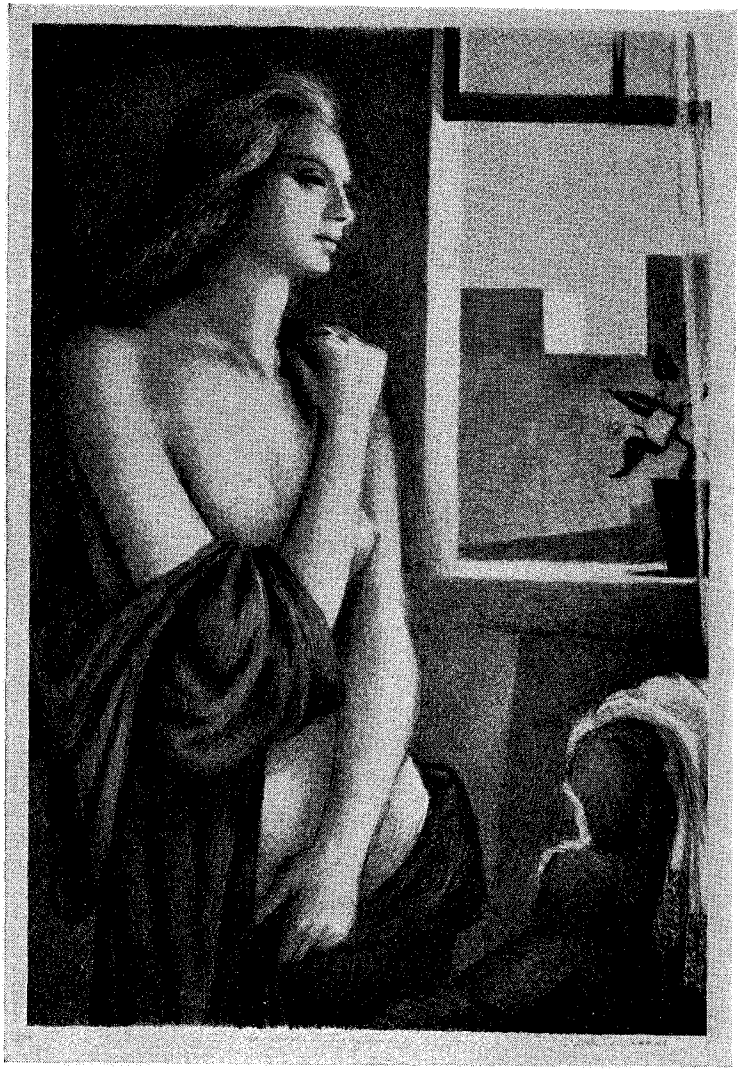

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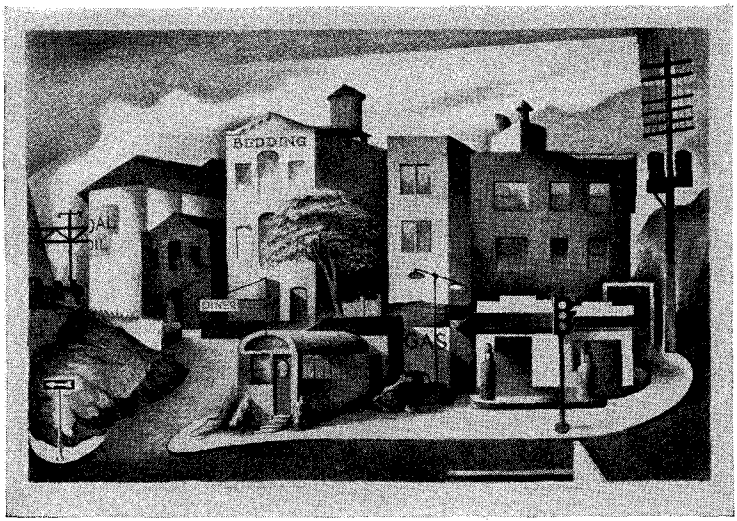

SUPPLIES FOR SUBURBIA

Above. This is a slice of American living, a kind of telescoped suburb which the artist's love of specific realities prevents from turning into a generalized abstract. (Mr. Spruance lives in Germantown, outside of Philadelphia.) One can feel that the artist has not only perceived the life, he has shared in it. He is not above it: he loves it enough to want to arrange it.

MORNING IN BABYLON

Left. This young woman stands midway between *Player Unmasked* and *Girl with Gloves*. If the former is made of not too solid flesh and the latter of *papier mâché*, this creature, following the recipe of the familiar jingle, is compacted of sugar and spice and all that's nice. Babylon, in the title and in the atmosphere of the drawing, suggests the cold worldly world.

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A PORTFOLIO OF WOOD CARVINGS

FROM the first years of American commerce, and as late as the 1880's, the use of carved signs for shop fronts was virtually universal. Necessarily more graphic than their modern neon counterparts, they had to express their message by sheer connotation to those who could not read. Today, in a sense, they still serve a parallel purpose. For while we can read dry historical accounts very well, these simple emblems give us a more vivid insight into the America of the 18th and 19th centuries than any words could convey. And the same thing is true of other examples of early wood carving—the ship figureheads, the patriotic designs and the purely decorative pieces. To familiarize oneself with them is to become more familiar with the culture and spirit of an earlier America. These reproductions are from the collection of the Index of American Design, a Federal Art Project under the Works Progress Administration.

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FIGUREHEAD. Designed in 1834 by Captain F. G. Hussey for the ship *Asia*, this figurehead was carved, painted and gilded to his specifications by artisans at Bath, Maine.

"BELL IN HAND." Believed to be the original sign of the Bell in Hand Tavern, established by James Wilson of Boston in 1795. The Town Crier of Boston and a church deacon, Wilson operated the Bell in Hand as a "temperance tavern," where only malt liquors were sold.

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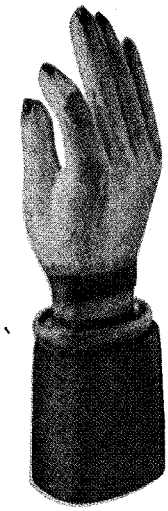
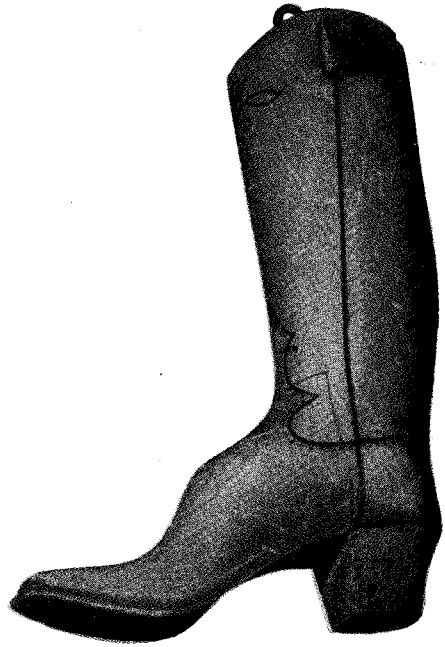
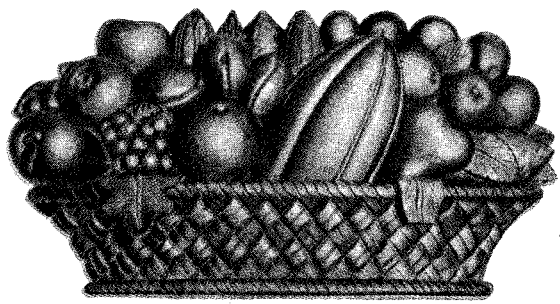


GLOVE SIGN. Dated 1825-50, this ungloved hand was hung outside a shop in Connecticut to advertise that gloves were made to order. It is 8″ high, carved from pine and painted and gilded.



HANGING BOOT. This wooden tradesman's sign is from an unidentified shop in Massachusetts. It is 18″ high, painted a bronze tone.



WOODEN FRUIT BASKET. Carved in elaborate relief, this gilded and varnished cherrywood fruit basket is a typical example of early American wood carving. It is 9″ high, 17¾″ long.

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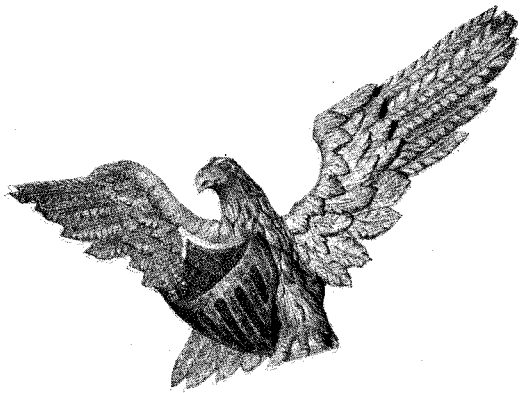

GILDED EAGLE. Executed in the so-called American historical style, this carving is over 5′ in length.

THE WINDHAM BACCHUS. This famous pine Bacchus was carved in 1776 by John Russell, Edward Sneyd, John Coggin and William Cook, British seamen imprisoned at Windham, Massachusetts.

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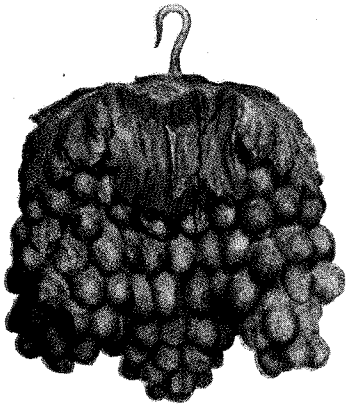
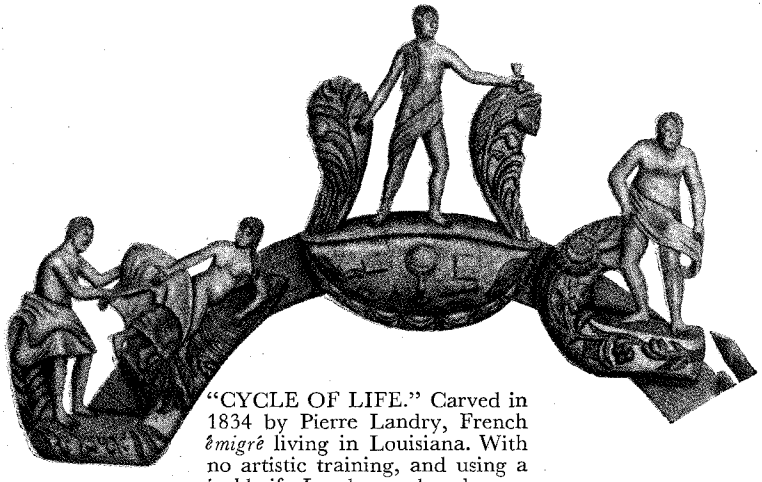


"BUNCH OF GRAPES." This carved and painted shop sign with iron hook, characteristic of those employed by American merchants in the 18th and 19th centuries to advertise their wares, is dated 1766. It was originally carved for Benjamin and Edward Thurber, merchants.



"CYCLE OF LIFE." Carved in 1834 by Pierre Landry, French *émigré* living in Louisiana. With no artistic training, and using a jackknife, Landry produced many such remarkable compositions.

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WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK UP?

GETTING IN THE FIRST LICKS OF A TWO POINT PROGRAM FOR THE WEAK-SILENT MAN

WHEN the editor asked me to write an article or a series on conversation, I looked at him in surprise and said, "What can one write about it? It can all be stated in a few handfuls of words, and nothing new in any of them." Knowing me better than I knew myself, he said, "Think it over." I have thought it over, and the result has been such a rush of ideas to the head that it would take a book to hold them.

Not that any new truths have been hit on. They wouldn't be truths if they were new. But every man rediscovers the true things for himself, and every rediscovery gives the old truth a new character. I have been observing people in action, listening to their talk, noting their conversational triumphs, mistakes, and stalemates. It has been extremely educational to an old hand who thought there was nothing to say on the subject. It has also been educational in compelling him to check up on his own speech habits. If it does the same for a few readers, that will be all to the good.

Based on this passage between the editor and me, we can at once come to a preliminary conclusion: people are mentally lazy. The mind's tendency is to vote No. If I had suggested an article he would have had a tendency to resist it. This human trait of negativeness is an excellent protection against people with something to sell. But when we carry it over to the social world it becomes a handicap. We don't want to meet the "perfectly fascinating fellow," we'd rather stay home than go to the party. A fundamental human inertia, which in the upper reaches operates so cruelly against inventors, daring writers, all sorts of trail blazers, fights also against new experiences that threaten old ruts on the ordinary plane of living.

Human beings resist adventure. They fear the novel. The testimony of teachers from the early

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grades on through college is that education is something they have to get past the students' guard.

* * *

"John, I'm disgusted with you."

"What's the matter now?"

(Just the old family squabble in the car on the way home from the Joneses.)

"You act so dumb in company. You sat there like a log."

"When I don't have anything to say I keep still."

(Ah, the old rationalization! How he wished all the time that he *did* have something to say! And maybe he had, but was too lazy to bait the hook and fish for at least a minnow of an idea.)

"Strange how Clare's husband and Mona's, and Sam and the other men all had something to say. Oh dear, I wish *my* husband could keep his end up socially. (She's on the verge of tears of irritation and self-pity, but is saved by a thought which may be either sarcasm or a practical suggestion.) Maybe you ought to take a course in speech or something."

Maybe John ought, but at the moment he isn't thinking of his failure from her point of view, but only how he's being nagged again. Which means that his next remark will be sharper, and may even have a swear word in it. The conversation is becoming too embarrassing to eavesdrop on any longer. Let's leave it.

This problem of John, the Log, freely adapted from the advertisements, is almost universal. Clare's and Mona's husbands, and the other weak-silent men, might have come through that night—but there are other nights, and then Clare and Mona get in their licks. John himself can perform creditably on a few topics—the state of the bond market, musky fishing, Detective Stories I Have Read, and what's wrong with the way the golf club is managed. When the conversation leaves this repertory, he's lost.

The author might even break down and confess that he himself has often been a Log and has been told so by an Intimate Relation. Having to face the Facts of Life he went through a period of self-discipline, out of which he came not a Log but a ripsnorting Sawbuck, ready to throw his weight around in any conversational rodeo. He flew to the other extreme, became the Life of the Party, and finally settled down to a more or less Happy Compromise.

Talk is cheap. It is the cheapest of all pleasures, barring the cost of the Scotch or the finger-sandwiches that may be necessary as

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a domestic sideline. It is also the most accessible of distractions. Since we're always talking, like it or not, whether in formal gatherings or chance contacts, and since a man is known by his good word even more than by his face and clothes, it seems only reasonable that if he isn't a natural success at conversation, it would pay him to put a little time and trouble into it.

How much time? A few random minutes scattered through the day, and a solid half-hour in the evening.

How much trouble? Far less than John Log suspects.

Here is my program, in numbers and letters to make it look really businesslike:

1. "A few random minutes scattered through the day."

(a) Get up five minutes earlier. This will make your progress from bed to bathroom to breakfast table to front door less like that of a bull in a china-shop full of red dishes. It will give you time for a little amenity or two in the home. It's astonishing how much fun there is in having a margin of time. You're less grumpy. Your wife immediately becomes less nervous. And on your way to the station to catch the 8:09 you enjoy a feeling of superiority over the brief-cased men and the stilt-heeled stenos hot-footing it for bus, subway, and train-before-yours.

("What has this to do with conversation?" In a hurry, aren't we? Well, it does two things. It gives one leisure, and with it a sense of being on top of things, both of which are necessary to good talk. In fact they are necessary to what a man must have in his life if he is to be at all interesting—a mind that observes, and reflects.)

(b) Well, there you are, at the breakfast table. Your wife presents you with the orange juice. Do you receive it with an absent-minded grunt as your eye wanders over the front-page headlines? Not this morning you don't. You say something to her. You ask her if she slept well. You pass a compliment on her appearance. (There is nothing in all this that may not be reversed. Women have some obligations to be human toward men, even toward a husband.)

Maybe there's a story on the front page about the year's wheat crop being the largest in human history. Don't wolf it down; share it. A normal mind is bound to make something of such news, but usually, being lazy, it keeps what it makes to itself. Utter that inside thought, make the passive dynamic. "More wheat than the

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world can eat," you say to your wife, who is buttering the toast, "and yet millions are undernourished." Or, if that's too cosmic for breakfast, "Surpluses of wheat everywhere, but the bread doesn't cost any less."

You're doing well, John. Here are your toast and eggs. You have to *work* at this talk game only because your speech muscles are untrained; they're stiff. When they're limber, things will come without effort. Now search your mind on the subject of toast. Ah, yes—that chap just back from Europe. What was it he said about the English liking their toast cold? How that ties up with the discussion they had at the Brantles house the other night about that *With Malice Toward Some* book, when you were a wallflower. Well, goodbye to all that; we're following the ball from now on, on top of every play.

(c) That's enough on the Home Front. You can't overdo it the first day, or the spouse will wonder if you're ill. When you arrive at the station, there's the newsboy, and the postman who is rearranging his heavy load, making ready to embark on his daily safari. What could you say to either of these workers? The weather is always a possible topic; those who work out of doors find the weather important. Angle it right. Think: if I were a newsbutcher or a postman, what would I think of a dull grey day, snow threatening?

(d) Here we are at the office building. Got anything besides "good morning" for the elevator boy? What's that book he has stuck in the rail beside him? Good lord, *Principles of Optics!* There's a lead from which you'll learn that Dick is going to school nights to be an optician—and he'll get an inner glow because he has a chance to show you he's no ordinary elevator boy but a man with ambition.

(e) That's laboring Point 1 enough. A man keeps his mind alert, his eye peeled in the chance contacts of the day, and he finds many conversational leads. They put a little shine on the day, keep it from going dull. A remark in passing that shows you see a thing from the other fellow's point of view is a genuine contribution to living. In the end the bread you tossed on the waters comes back to you cake. Not that the elevator boy turned oculist years later comes up as eye-surgeon to save your life! But in these honest, unstereotyped bits of chance talk, a man will find twice as much life in the

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course of the day. Every time he swaps a couple of agreeable sentences with his fellow citizens, he becomes a more sociable person, until he begins to take to talk, plain and fancy, as a duck takes to a pond after a long dry spell.

That's the modest program for the first day, to be repeated daily thereafter, as far as concerns "1. A few random minutes scattered through the day." About the third or fifth day, depending on how much progress is being made and how hard or easy this is on the patient, a special assignment ought to be done:

Don't allow yourself to get through the working day without making at least *one observation about life or people* to take home with you. *You are to write it down in a five-cent notebook* that slips easily into the side-pocket of your coat. This idea is to be inserted by you into the conversation at the dinner table that same evening, whether *en famille* or with guests. Just a few suggestions, but it would be better if you rolled your own:

1. Ever notice a drug store? Really notice? It's a 100 to 1 shot you haven't. We all take it for granted. If we had no such commercial monstrosity in America, and if we came upon a glittering, super-sanitated, boxed, jarred, tubed, and cellophaned drug store in Europe, it would be something we'd write home about—or if we saw it as a mounted exhibit in a science museum, the way they display primitive villages or tribal dances. Make a special trip to a drug store and look at it as if you were an anthropologist of the future, or the Man from Mars.

2. Watch people on the street. Notice the sheeplike huddle on the curbstone, waiting for the light to change. Green comes on, sheep patter across—the rear risking its tail as the light changes to red. . . . Notice how women pat themselves together in passing a show window with a dark background. . . . Notice how a man who is ill at ease fingers his chin, yanks his tie up another notch, or rebuttons his coat. . . . Notice how drawn and nervous the faces of the hurrying people downtown. The noise, the smell, the dirt, the traffic, the excitement, are preparing many of them for the mental wards of the hospitals.

3. Spend a few minutes of the lunch hour studying window displays. Can you divine the displayer's technique, see what effect he was after? Take a look at the architecture in the vicinity of your building. On the way home from the station, put your mind on the domestic architecture of your neighborhood. If you know something of architecture, try to identify some of the basic styles. Have you any ideas on what is good and bad in contemporary home design?

One could go on and on, but there are space limits. The reason behind this "assignment" is plain. The secret of a good talker is not in his talk, but back of it. It is in his mind. Good talkers are people who find life interesting, not only in the large, but in the smallest detail. No one can prepare, or "get up" a conversation. What the talk will be like has been determined long before the host has said, "Had a hard time finding

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the house?" We carry our pasts with us into the living room, into the conversation. If that past has been dull, thoughtless, unobservant, unphilosophical, humorless, that's what the talk will be.

What is John Log to do? Let us take him at his worst—he is a Log because up to the time when we met him, when his wife was telling him a truth that hurt, he has been a stodgy fellow, full of business, his talk mostly shop-talk, as a husband a trial to a wife, as a parent a handicap to a lively growing boy or girl, as a friend harmless, but no great gift to the social circle.

It has to be admitted that that past is hopeless. And you can't change the past. But luckily, the past changes itself, because the present is always sliding back and adding to the past's sum total. Change the present, then, and you begin to change the past.

On that diagnosis this prescription is based. John has to say to himself, "I have been a mutt. My wife is right. This fellow in the magazine is right. I'll give this thing a trial. I'll clip a piece of paper with an X on it to my billfold. Every time I pull out the old pocketbook I'll be reminded to jump in there and fight. I'll pick small talk with people, even if it's against the grain with me. And I'll make an Observation a day and put it down in a notebook, and get it into the conversation somewhere between soup and pie."

That's only half the program that was promised. Back there I said something about a solid half-hour in the evening. That's the advanced part of the course. I'd like to write that up next month.

—ALISON AYLESWORTH

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 29-32

1. A	11. B	21. B	31. A	41. A
2. B	12. B	22. A	32. B	42. B
3. A	13. A	23. A	33. A	43. B
4. A	14. A	24. B	34. A	44. A
5. B	15. A	25. A	35. B	45. A
6. B	16. B	26. A	36. B	46. B
7. B	17. A	27. A	37. A	47. B
8. A	18. B	28. B	38. A	48. B
9. B	19. A	29. B	39. A	49. B
10. A	20. B	30. B	40. A	50. B

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BOOKS WITHOUT END

SOME FAMOUS EXAMPLES OF THE SAD TRUTH THAT ART IS LONG AND TIME IS FLEETING

AT TEN minutes past six o'clock on the evening of Thursday, June 9, 1870, Charles Dickens died, leaving unfinished—as G. K. Chesterton was later to remark—the only one of his novels that really needed finishing. The book was, of course, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, possibly the most famous fragment among the seven arts, if we except the Venus de Milo and Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*. It is impossible to read the half-told tale without wondering how its author intended to complete it, and millions of words have been written by others in an effort to solve the insoluble mystery. But what that mystery was no one will ever know. To the end of literature, however, there will be specialists in literary detection hotly debating the obscurities of the tangled tale and writing their own belligerent sequels. It is perhaps the one game without an end.

The story is thickly populated with Dickens' usual assortment of queer fish; but, briefly stated, it concerns the presumable murder of Edwin Drood by his uncle, John Jasper, choirmaster of Cloisterham Cathedral, and quite frankly the villain of the piece. That Jasper is darkly in love with Rosa Bud, his nephew's fiancée, is perfectly clear, and the narrative quickly involves the obviously innocent Landless, after the fashion of detective-stories before and since. There is no possible doubt in the reader's mind about the guilt of Jasper, and it is inconceivable that Dickens ever thought there could be; so that the mystery of the tale quite certainly is not the final revelation of the murderer's identity. Importantly involved in the puzzle are Landless' sulky but beautiful sister, an angular lawyer, a naval lieutenant, a gravestone cutter, a detective, and the witchlike keeper of an opium den frequented by Jasper in his less cathedral moments. With the appearance of

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the detective, one Datchery, on the scene of the murder, the story as far as its author was permitted to write it abruptly ends.

Among the questions left in the mind of the reader are these: What has happened to Edwin Drood? How was the truth to be discovered? Who was the opium-woman and what was her part in the story to have been? Who was Datchery? How was the story to end?

The fact is, it is the very circumstance of its incompleteness that has made the story attractive to some thousands of fascinated students. These are the Druids, in the phrase of Mr. Alexander Woollcott, who begs to number himself among them; and for these happy lunatics, at least, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* is the greatest detective-story in the world because it never can be finished. To all who are so minded, it offers a lifetime of entertainment and as much intellectual stimulation, perhaps, as any of us really needs.

After *Drood*, probably the most celebrated literary fragment—one deliberately omits such single poems as *Kubla Khan* and the debris of Sappho, to speak only of novels—is Thackeray's *Denis Duval*. There can be little doubt that Thackeray's death, in 1863, deprived the world of a great historical romance, possibly a book to stand beside his famous *Henry Esmond*. Written as it was in its author's later manner, which was discursive and showed a tendency to sermonize—rather as if the essayist were getting the better of the storyteller—there is in it much of the freshness and vigor of that earlier work.

But no such furor of speculation followed the publication of *Denis Duval* as followed *Edwin Drood*. In general, thanks to the author's painstaking notes and a number of pertinent letters to friends, the action of the story can be predicted with some accuracy. Beginning in year 1763, it was to have been a roaring tale of smugglers, highwaymen and privateers, with a sailor for a hero; and ultimately, it seems certain, Denis was to lie for some years in a French arsenal before release came with the Revolution, allowing him to return to the girl whom he had never forgotten. Americans in particular should mourn the unhappy circumstance that left the novel incomplete, for it was to have involved its youthful hero in the action between the *Serapis* and the *Bonhomme Richard;* the closing lines of the fragment sound the opening guns of that famous en-

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gagement of our early history: "How well I remember the sound of the enemy's gun of which the shot crashed into our side in reply to the challenge of our captain, who hailed her! Then came a broadside from us—the first I had ever heard in battle."

That was the last line written by William Makepeace Thackeray; but just a paragraph before he had characterized Paul Jones: "Traitor, if you will, was Monsieur Paul Jones, afterwards knight of His Most Christian Majesty's Order of Merit; but a braver traitor never wore sword."

Most celebrated of the novels—there were several—left incomplete by the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose untimely death occurred in 1894, is *Weir of Hermiston*, a story "grim and impressive as a Rodinesque statue beginning to emerge from a block of grey granite," in the words of Mr. E. B. Osborn. The sentence with which it ends—"It seemed unprovoked, a wilful convulsion of brute nature"—was dictated on the morning of Stevenson's death and might be thought a prophetic description of the seizure that carried him off. His romantic potboiler, *St. Ives*, begun as an alleviation to illness, had failed to come through as he had wished, and he had cast it aside for the long-planned *Weir of Hermiston*. This was to be the greatest of his books, and so he judged it as he wrote. But again there sounded the laughter of the gods. At sunset on the afternoon of December 4th he brought the last pages he had written to his wife, and presently fell dying at her feet.

The broad outline of the story he intended is known. But nobody has ever attempted to complete the book. With its appalling collisions of character and its oppressive atmosphere of doom, the story is probably beyond even the ambition of any lesser artist than the author. *St. Ives*, however, was finished by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch with such delicate understanding and sympathy that, if there were no indication of the juncture, it would be difficult to say where the second writer began his task. His achievement was so successful, indeed, that the novel is still the standard of comparison for this form of collaboration.

One of the great stories of the world, left unfinished by its author and carried to completion by another hand, is Sterne's famous *Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy*. Here, indeed, was a tale requiring completion if ever one did, for the concluding lines of the

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author had left his wandering hero—who was, of course, himself—in one of the most compromising situations in literature. The hosts of readers and re-readers of that indelicate masterpiece will not have forgotten what happened to good Master Yorick on the way to Turin. Delayed by tempestuous weather, he was obliged to put up for the night at a small roadside inn, five miles from his objective. There by good fortune and God's grace he found a bedchamber, a good fire, and a good supper. But immediately there arrived a second *voiture*, "with a lady in it and her servant-maid," both highly attractive.

There was no other bedchamber in the place. However, in Yorick's were two beds and a small closet holding a third. Three beds, three people, shrugged the landlady; the inference was obvious. There was no help for it; but Yorick, in any case, was not the man to offer difficulties. It was the position of the two principal beds that offered difficulties; there was only enough space between them for a wicker chair. However, a few bottles of Burgundy resolved the embarrassment, and terms of treaty between the parties involved were negotiated providing—one would think—for all possible contingencies.

What happened in the night it is not this chronicler's duty to reveal. The point is, Sterne brought about a situation fairly screaming for elucidation, and ended on a note so piquantly exciting that one is tempted to call his last paragraph the most tantalizing episode in literature.

Two novels, both important, were left unfinished by Henry James—*The Ivory Tower* and *The Sense of the Past*. The brilliant play, *Berkeley Square*, by John L. Balderston, owes its origin to *The Sense of the Past*, from which fragment the playwright caught his idea of a man changing places with a collateral ancestor—on the assumption that all time was really co-existent—and going back to the eighteenth century to live his ancestor's life.

Mystery story addicts, whose enormous gratitude to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle can scarcely be measured in words, are also grateful to the creator of Sherlock Holmes for his completion of Grant Allen's *Hilda Wade*, one of the great stories of pursuit and detection and one that is too little known. It was Allen's last book; he died with the final episode unwritten. But the concluding chapter had been roughly sketched before his fatal illness. "His anxiety,

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when debarred from work, to see it finished," recites a publisher's note to the American edition of the book, "was relieved by the considerate kindness of his friend and neighbour, Dr. Conan Doyle, who, hearing of his trouble, talked it over with him, gathered his ideas, and finally wrote it out for him in the form in which it now appears—a beautiful and pathetic act of friendship which it is a pleasure to record."

How many unfinished novels Jane Austen left behind perhaps is known only to her executors and descendants; but at least three fragments have been published within recent memory. These are *Sanditon*, *Lady Susan*, and *The Watsons*, and all have been hailed as pure treasure-trove by the extensive cult of Janeites. Probably *Sanditon* is the most important. It was written in 1817, the year of the author's death, and the last chapter of the twelve that exist, which lacks something of her characteristic lucidity of style, suggests to one critic that "her gentle, ironical mind was already clouded by the disease that killed her."

Possibly the best known of recent unfinished symphonies, in this field of literature, is Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic novel, *Suspense*, an epic fragment. All his life Conrad had been haunted by a sense of the difference between a man as he exists in himself and what others believe him to be. His last novel was to have centered about the historic figure of Bonaparte as he obsessed the European mind of his time—the prodigious conception that made the man a nightmare and a giant out of legend rather than a creature of human moods and attributes. But Conrad left another novel incomplete when he laid aside *The Sisters*, in 1896, to write *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, and never returned to it. The fragment was published in 1928, in a limited edition for collectors, with a preface by Ford Madox Ford.

There is a large and interesting body of opinion that finds a sort of mystical perfection in imperfect masterpieces, represented at its most understandable, perhaps by those innumerable fathomers who prefer Drood's head and torso, as it were, to his whole murdered carcass, and at its most precious by those who profess to find a very poetry of pattern in such a tragedy as the assassination of Lincoln. But generally the world has agreed to regret the interruptions of fate that have left its inhabitants in doubt about so many fascinating matters. —VINCENT STARRETT

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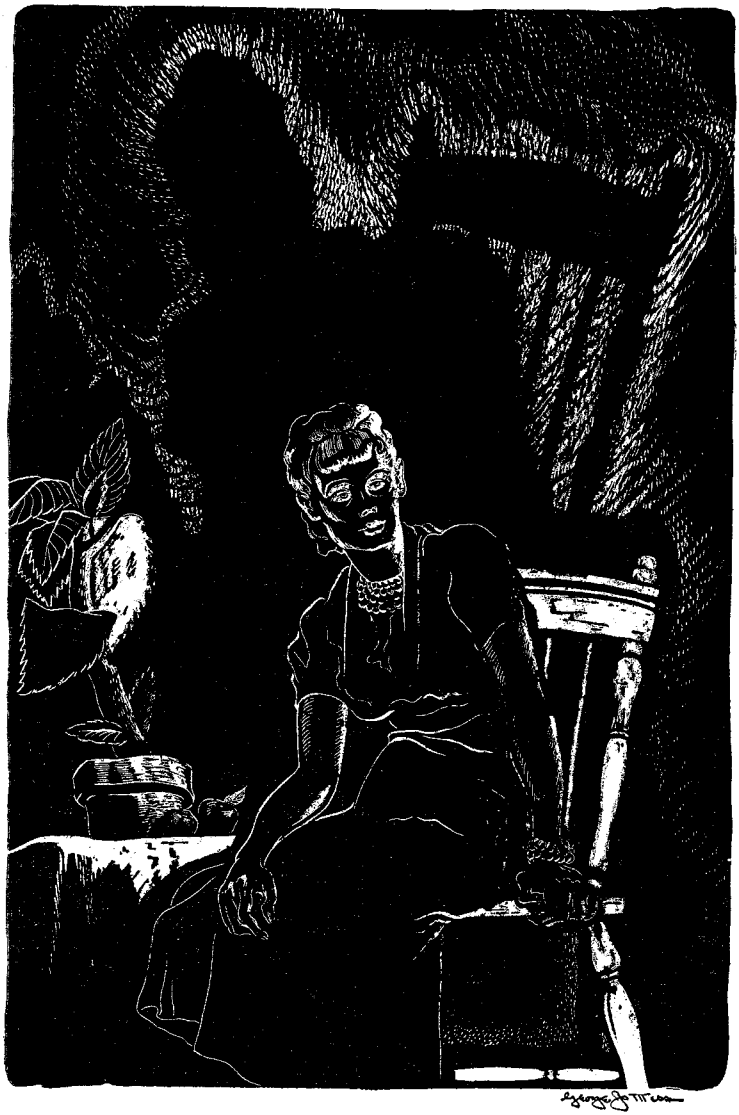

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PORTRAIT OF SUSANNA

She does not mind so much that sorrow's dark
And shadowy hood should cloak the brow of love,
Or hatred's breath blow out the cherished spark,
Or death's impartial visage bend above
One's other self, in whom oneself has died;
Nor that the thrust of circumstance should part
Lover from destined lover, and divide
And sever life from life and heart from heart.

She does not mind so much: one could withstand
The pangs of scorn, the loneliness of grief.
She cannot bear that love's accustomed hand
Should shape no dream at last, its dulled belief
No longer hear at Summer's golden end
Pride, singing in the towers of the wind.

—WILLIAM STEPHENS

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A NOTE ON TCHAIKOVSKY

THE CONDUCTORS DO HIS MUSIC AN INJUSTICE, BUT IT STILL EXERTS A POWERFUL FASCINATION

TCHAIKOVSKY wore his heart on his sleeve . . . a sleeve paid for by Nadejda von Meck, millionaire widow of a railroad magnate.

This bald and shopworn fact has been so often repeated and romanticized that it is easy to forget that in the middle of the nineteenth century all Russians wore their hearts on their sleeves . . . and that this unnatural intimacy by letter—was, in spite of all that has been said and written, empty and disillusioning.

Of course, the existence of Nadejda von Meck was important to Tchaikovsky. Important because she played a leading role in the drama he wove around his thoughts. Important because she was his bankroll for thirteen years. Because of her, he was able to escape from the drudgery of teaching harmony in the Moscow Conservatory and roam at will . . . escape from the society he loathed and feared, and tell his story in music . . . escape from the greatest mistake of his life: marriage . . . in short, escape from everything except himself.

Nadejda von Meck was told that without her encouragement Tchaikovsky would never compose another measure. And yet, when "the earth failed beneath him . . . when the inconceivable happened and all his ideas of human nature, his faith in the best of mankind was turned upside down . . . when his peace was broken and the share of happiness fate allotted him was embittered and spoilt by their break — the secret of which she carried to the grave with her"—he still wrote music.

Music was his wife, his mother, and his child. No composer more enjoyed baring his soul to the scalpel of his art. In it Tchaikovsky dramatized himself, his moods, his feelings, exaggerated his despair and his pride, and did it all in the best accepted Slavic manner. Yet he belittled music as

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"this detestable art which seems to possess the quality of interesting everybody."

His tastes were individual. He hated Handel, Liszt, Chopin, and Brahms. He adored Mozart, Schumann, Delibes, and Grieg, and, like other Russians, found Bizet's *Carmen* the ideal opera. He detested Wagner. "To compel us to listen for four consecutive hours to an endless symphony fraught with rich orchestral beauties but poor in clearly and simply enunciated ideas, to force artists to sing for four hours not separate melodies, but just notes appended to the symphony . . . notes which, however high at times, are completely drowned by the thunders of the orchestra . . . this is not an ideal for artists to strive after."

Tchaikovsky was always motivated by intense likes and dislikes. As a child of seven he stopped suddenly one day to cover the map of Russia in his geography book with kisses while spitting on the other countries. When his governess remonstrated, pointing out that if he hated all the other peoples, he would have to hate her, too, since she was French, he shouted, "No! No! Can't you see I've got my hand over France?"

Though he traveled frequently, he was always complaining about the inconveniences and hurrying back to St. Petersburg. From Rome he wrote: "My brother and I have just been to see St. Peter's and all I gained from it was tired feet." From Bayreuth he telegraphed that upon hearing the last chords of the *Ring*, he felt as if he had been released from prison. He came to New York to assist in the opening of Carnegie Hall, marveled at the mansions on "Fifth Prospekt," was feted at the Imperial Russian Legation in Washington, found himself ten times more famous than in Europe. But when asked to return a second time, he cabled: "No! Tchaikovsky." He objected to the sea voyage. "Quite the worst part of it," he wrote, "is having to know all the passengers on board."

★ ★ ★

Tchaikovsky was enmeshed and overwhelmed by the mechanics of living. His shyness was so agonizing that he suffered indescribable tortures before he could force himself to ring the doorbell of a friend.

From his letters, one might guess he was an old dotard whose life centered in his stomach and the minor ailments of a senile organism. He had chills and fevers over his work, frequently concluded that he was played out:

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"It dawned upon me today that my last symphony (the *Fifth*) is a washout . . . It is uneven, too massive, insincere, lengthy . . . Am I fizzing out? Is it the beginning of the end?"

In spite of success and material acclaim—Grand Dukes now courted his friendship, the Tsar gave him an annuity for life—he became more and more tortured . . . more in a "state."

Neurotic, introspective, morbid, he grew completely obsessed by his deepest joy and affliction—what he called his "*Sensation Z*."

This moral perversity, of which he was always conscious and ashamed, hung over him like a Sword of Damocles. He was in constant dread of exposure and wrote his brother, Modeste:

"I have been thinking a good deal upon myself and my future. The outcome of this being that I shall henceforth endeavor to *marry anyone*. I believe my *inclinations* to be the great and invincible obstacle to my happiness, and I must fight against my nature with all my strength. . . I will try my best to marry in the course of the year, if the courage fails me I am resolved to give up my ways for good. Shortly by marriage or by some open *liaison* with a woman, I want to silence the despicable creatures whose opinion I in fact despise."

This was the reason he suddenly married a young admirer he did not know nor love, only to find life with her a nightmare. It was then that he walked into the Moscow river, fully dressed, on an icy night, praying that he would get pneumonia. He didn't, but died fifteen years later of the cholera.

* * *

Is it any wonder that Tchaikovsky, overcome as he was with an unconquerable melancholy, vehemently shouts to us of the spirit's darkness? With such an outlook, would you not expect his music to proclaim that

Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
Twins ev'n from the birth are misery and pain.

It is no contradiction to say that he is at his best when he feels his worst. Reacting to life like a reed in the wind, he takes the world into his confidence and pours out his complaints, his longings, his despair. In his music he has but one subject—himself.

He is the protagonist of his quartets, the hero of his symphonies. As Hamlet he stalks the ramparts of Elsinore, as Paolo he is tormented in Hell, as Romeo he

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lives and loves and dies, as Ferdinand he wonders at Miranda's isle, as Manfred he climbs the glaciers of the Alps. There is very little of Shakespeare or Dante and very much of Tchaikovsky in his symphonic poems. They are the comments of a highly colorful individual on certain episodes in literature. They illuminate the man more than the episodes. Without exception, they lay bare a Slavic soul—Tchaikovsky's.

When he first "dragged the pageant of his bleeding heart across the concert stages of the world," he was sneered at by the critics. His emotion, if sincere, was labeled superficial, not profound: "He sinks to morbid pessimism," they wrote, "he rises to hysteria." In Boston, the *Pathétique* was described as "obscene."

The public, nevertheless, liked the noisy way Tchaikovsky tore his hair and shook his fist at the skies. For a time they voted him number one box-office favorite. They enjoyed his unmistakable sense of the dramatic, became excited that in his music something tremendous seemed always about to happen. They admired his thoroughly Byronic way of being tragic and momentous about nothing at all. They didn't mind that he was more intense and gloomy when nothing was the matter than the average man-in-the-street would be if he were about to be electrocuted

* * *

Thus far, Tchaikovsky's best works have survived both blame and praise. If he were living, he would be starting his one hundredth year on the seventh of this May.

What the caprices of taste of another century will do to his music no one can predict. Not a little depends on the conductors. His symphonies have suffered at their hands. They insist on speeding up here, on slowing down there, on underscoring this phrase, on giving "expression" to that, on over-trumping every one of his trumps. Few conductors are content to play his music as it is written. Fewer still, have that peculiar blend of sincerity and naïveté, that flair for the dramatic, necessary to make it convincing. Instead, they exaggerate and fill it with their own vulgarity and sentimentality. There is significance in Modeste Tchaikovsky's remark to Koussevitzky: "While you live my brother's music will live."

When rightly played, Tchaikovsky's music will always attract those who are making their

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first acquaintance with the art, those who respond readily to obvious and personal statements of intense feeling, those for whom familiarity has not bred contempt . . . and those who are as yet unable to contemplate the mysteries of the hereafter with Bach or Palestrina or to grasp the largeness of Beethoven's humanity. The *Pathétique*, *Francesca*, and Tchaikovsky's less banal expressions will also carry conviction for certain mature listeners who find their own struggles and fears mirrored in them. Tchaikovsky's is not the healthiest nor the most universal outlook, yet it is one that, now and again, we all share.

—CARLETON SMITH

ANSWERS TO TASTE-TEST ON PAGES 46-52

1. No argument here. A is clearly superior. It is completely functional in design, with not one item of excess ornamentation. Its milk glass gives perfect diffusion, and it could be hung on practically any ceiling because of its unobtrusiveness. B uses the old method of rough surfaces to obtain diffusion, but this causes almost a rococo effect. Its fancy shape serves no particular purpose.

2. Pencil B is preferable, for one good reason. Its roundness makes it easier on the fingers. The square type, perhaps as good to look at, is uncomfortable to hold.

3. Whether oblongs or circles are easier on your eyes, B seems to be the better clip for all-around use. B has more depth, plus the fact that its depth on the paper can be regulated by turning it to a horizontal position. The sharp edge of A might cut into the paper after it has been fastened down.

4. Hanger A is the one to reach for. It is designed to fit the exact shape of the coat or jacket, whereas B can knock a shoulder shape into a cocked hat.

5. B is better. Every inch of it is calculated for efficiency and it is a small triumph of functional design. A is weighed under by a calendar device that is much too bulky, and the recesses on either side serve a very minor purpose. B also manages to hold an inkwell.

6. B is the better desk light. It gives a wider span of light and its goose-neck attachment allows it to be twisted into any position desired. Also, a tall light is always better for a busy desk.

7. Select wall light A. Its simplicity makes it adaptable to any sort of surrounding, whereas B must fit into a specialized sort of room. In the matter of light, A possesses the milk glass which gives an even diffusion without glare. B has no such feature, with the result that the direct light of the bulb peeks through with all its original glare.

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HOW TO TALK PHILATELY

A WORD TO THE WISE, BEFORE YOU TRY TO MEET A MAN ON HIS OWN STAMPING GROUNDS

AT A dinner-party you are sitting next to one of those queer birds known as philatelists. So far he has been unimpressed by your new strapless gown in that delectable shade you know brings out the highlights in your hair. You have vainly tried to lure him with witty remarks about your pet topics. You might have given up long ago but the pearl studs on his bosom are too impressive. His profile is such that you would be the envy of every woman present if you could attach him unto yourself. But the man is said to live for one thing alone outside of business. His stamp collection is internationally known. Any bank would be glad to accept it as collateral. So you decide to chase him up his own alley.

Hitherto you had looked at stamps (if you looked at them at all) as little bits of gummed paper for sticking on letters. But you have a vague recollection of your small brother tearing some off envelopes and pasting them in a book. For Pete's sake don't mention that.

And don't raise your long lashes and remark in dulcet tones, "I believe you collect stamps?"

In the first place one doesn't speak usually of "collecting stamps;" the term is "philately." And your A-1 copper-bottomed philatelist "acquires" items. In the second place philatelists don't like to be asked if they "collect." Some subtle sixth sense is supposed to warn you.

Even though privately you think philatelists are a bunch of nuts, don't let him suspect this. Concentrate on the way he combs his rather nice hair.

Then ask him (you don't have to use your optics yet) what he specializes in. Don't ask *if* he specializes. That would only intimate that you did not regard him as an advanced collector.

He will now look at you as though seeing you for the first

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time. Then he may answer, rather casually, "Oh, just a few little things—shades, and so forth."

Don't be misled by this tone. He expects to be taken quite seriously; also that you will know his collection is famous.

Since you are out to intrigue him, look as intelligent as you can at this point. Act as though you realize that "shades" are one of the more involved phases of philately. To philatelists they can be almost as subtle as a woman.

Now's your chance to ask demurely what he has acquired recently. Look as though you really want to know and he may tell you, with becoming modesty, that he had the luck the other day to pick up a really superb Twelvepenny Black, beautifully tied to its cover. Don't look as though you suspect he is pulling your leg. Respect his air of gravity.

Murmur understandingly, "I have often wondered why they call them 'twelvepennies' instead of 'shillings.'"

His eyes light up. He turns toward you eagerly. Just relax and listen as gracefully as you can.

You are now treated to a masterly dissertation on the fine-drawn differences between early colonial currency and sterling. You haven't the remotest idea why this obviously rare stamp should require a cover. Perhaps to keep it from general corruption or something. You are also puzzled as to why it should be "tied" to its cover. Don't put on that cute expression and ask him, either. A "cover" is just an envelope to you. A stamp is tied to its cover when it is neatly cancelled, with the postmark partly on the stamp and partly on the envelope. When the stamp is rare this is an ideal set-up for the enthusiast. Nowadays specialists like to get their rarities on the original covers rather than just the stamps alone. As only a few score copies of the Twelvepenny Black stamp got out in Canada in 1851, it is pretty safe to assume that any big specialist in North American stamps either has a copy or is trying to get one.

The stamp itself will be in his fire-proof safe at home. But he may show you its pedigree. This is a list of previous owners, with dates of purchase and sale. Look impressed here. If you want to display real insight, ask him if he thought it necessary to have the stamp "expertized." That is, if you can stand the landslide of information about quartz-lamps, margins, thin spots, and other fine points that will immerse you now.

Keep your chin well up at this

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stage. After you have successfully steered him from the dinner table into a secluded corner of the library, come back at him with a query about duplicates. This will bring out a small pocket-book, crammed with stamps arranged in neat rows. One disadvantage about philatelists is that the library corner must be reasonably well lighted.

For Heaven's sake don't attempt to finger any of this stuff. Leave him to handle it with his gold tweezers and he will consider you a woman in a million.

This little book won't contain any of his dearest treasures. But you may be sure that if you comport yourself properly through this you will be asked to examine the gems of his collection later on.

Your flair for the psychological moment will no doubt tell you when to elevate your arched eyebrows and emit an appreciative exclamation. If he now speaks of a delicate hair-line, he is not referring to your new hair-do. A hair-line, to a philatelist, is a faint scratch across the face of a stamp, due usually to a minute crack in the chromium plating of the printing plate—if you get what we mean.

Remarks about cracked plates and broken or missing teeth are not personal. They relate to major defects in printing plates and to the tiny projections of paper around the edges of a stamp. One or two teeth gone and your stamp ain't what she used to be, any more than you would be. Strange as it may seem, stamps printed from a cracked plate are worth much more than those made from a sound one. Don't make the mistake of assuming that this means the purchasers are cracked, too.

Doubts as to his complete mental solvency won't be helped if he confides to you now, with a suggestion of real tragedy in his tone, that he just missed a blue Hawaiian Missionary a few weeks before. And don't scream if he adds that his luck turned when he picked up a superb block of imperforate Bluenoses.

To the philatelist a "Hawaiian Missionary" is a rare and locally manufactured Hawaiian stamp. And a "Bluenose" is an especially beautiful Canadian stamp that becomes extremely desirable when it has no perforations around it. Incidentally, a "block" is a group of unseparated stamps, more than two and less than a complete sheet.

As signs indicate the party is breaking up, he will probably say

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casually, "Do just look at this 1847 ten-cents I picked up yesterday. You really must come up and see my other copies. How about Wednesday evening?"

You peer with thumping heart at a small black engraving of George Washington in an oval, with the good old letters U.S. figuring prominently at the top and two large X's at the bottom. He hands you a small but powerful magnifying glass. The use of this reveals to you precisely nothing. But you will be requested to note carefully the engraved letters "R. W.H. & E." at the bottom edge of the stamp. You won't be able to see them at all, but on their distinctness and clarity depends the value of the stamp. It cost perhaps two hundred dollars, but that is merely another small item to your rich boy friend. With less distinct lettering at the bottom, and if the Father of his Country looked sleepier and had his mouth still more firmly set, it wouldn't be worth much, relatively speaking, for it would be what is technically known as a reprint.

If by the end of the party your philatelist has got down to compound perforations (no connection with stomach ulcers), "o.g." (not an expletive, but original gum) and rouletting (nothing to do with games of chance), you may be sure he is looking forward to Wednesday evening. There you can go further into the vital question of perforations and get down to real business. Sometimes stamps are the only etchings in a man's life.

It need hardly be mentioned that, having stored up all these buckets of knowledge for use in priming the pump, one should be wary of becoming overconfident. The conversational skating rink of philately is thin ice all over for the non-expert. By all means avoid the first skid, that of the mispronunciation of the key word itself. "Philately" is fill-latt-e-lee, accent on the second syllable, and a "philatelist" is a fill-latt-e-list, accent still on the second syllable.

Don't be tempted to assume that philately is an upstart hobby, like flying, and speak of it that way. It is entitled to the respect that graceful old age and money are supposed to get. Nearly eighty years ago our great-grandfathers started the darned thing, and it is still going strong, with oodles of money tied up in it. So we can assume that it has arrived, and also, by this time, that your boy friend has arrived with it.

—Mabel W. Betts and
Lewis Ravenscroft

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THE TRAGEDY OF LOGAN

HIS HEART HAD BEEN SET ON PEACE, BUT THE WHITE MAN FORCED HIS HAND TO VIOLENCE

FROM the day the white invaders gained a toehold on the American continents there were but two alternatives for the Indian: retreat or fight. Living in a warrior society, the Indians fought. With every treaty, however, whether made voluntarily or under the duress of gifts and liquor, they also, to some extent, retreated.

Far-sighted tribal leaders realized that they were being outnumbered and that the white men were cleverly pitting tribe against tribe, thus dividing and conquering. Many, however, tried to maintain friendly relations with the whites, perhaps hoping that a policy of co-operation and appeasement would stem the tide of white expansion. Among the leaders who strove for a policy of peace was Chief Logan, one of the most tragic figures in American Indian history.

Logan was born about 1725 in an Iroquois village near what is today Auburn, New York, and was named Tah-gah-jute. His father was the famous Shikellamy, chief of the Oneidas, one of the Six Nations. When Tah-gah-jute was three years old the Onondaga Council made Shikellamy the vicegerent of the Six Nations over the Shawnees and the other tribes residing in the Susquehanna Valley in Pennsylvania. So Shikellamy moved his family to the Indian town Shamokin on the site where Sunbury stands today.

Shikellamy, who was a disciple of the Moravian missionaries then making converts among the tribes, strove to maintain friendly relations with the white people. Through his negotiations he became a good friend of James Logan, the Secretary of the Province of Pennsylvania. To mark his admiration and the bond between himself and the white man, the chief renamed Tah-gah-jute, calling him "Logan" after his friend.

Brought up in his father's ways, Logan, too, became a friend of

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the white people. In 1747 he was made a councillor of the Cayugas, to which nation he belonged on his mother's side, and when his father became feeble he took over many of his duties. Later the Onondaga Council rewarded him with the appointment of sachem over all the Indians in the vicinity of Shamokin. White men as well as red respected Logan, not only because he was Shikellamy's son, but because he had earned in his own right a name for courage and honor and fair dealing.

* * *

The irresistible pressure of the white man on the red man's lands compelled the tribes to retreat ever westward. About the year 1772, Logan removed to the Ohio Valley and established himself at the mouth of Beaver River. His courage never questioned, he remained a voice which at Indian councils generally spoke for peace. In the society of the backwoods he continued to be known as a striking personality: in stature well over six feet tall and powerfully built, weighing more than two hundred pounds. On the warpath he was known as a stubborn foe, but nevertheless one who was kind to his prisoners. He had a reputation for always sparing the women and children of his enemies.

Border hostilities on a large scale ended in 1764 but sporadic killings of whites and reds did not cease. Unfortunately, not all the settlers were highminded individuals and not all the Indians were simple "children of nature." Logan, himself, however, was not affected until the spring of 1774.

Although the backwoodsmen knew the Indians very well many of them had long adopted the barbarous slogan, "The only good Injun is a dead Injun," and took their revenge as often on the innocent as on the guilty. At the end of April, 1774, a company of white men, consisting chiefly of the most ruthless borderers in the west, all bent on such revenge, lured a band of peaceful Indians into their camp at Big Yellow Creek, plied them with liquor and then proceeded to butcher them.

Among the Indians thus slaughtered were Logan's mother, his brother, his sister—then with child—and a number of other members of his family.

When the news was brought to Logan, now chief of the Mingoes, he sat stunned. He who had by his every action sought peace with the white people had had his own kinfolk dastardly murdered! There was only one way to wipe out the wrong: he took up the hatchet of

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revenge. His hatchet sank into white skulls and his knife ripped off white scalps. With a band of eight loyal braves he conducted daring raids into the enemy's country until he had personally taken thirty scalps.

Not only he took revenge. The Mingoes, the Shawnees, the Wyandots, the Miamis and Indians of other tribes also lifted the hatchet. In retaliation the whites sent four hundred men to destroy the Shawnee villages. "Lord Dunmore's War," history calls it, after the Earl of Dunmore, governor of Virginia, who was responsible for the border dispute with Pennsylvania.

Then Lord Dunmore sent an army of some fifteen hundred backwoodsmen to crush the tribes. At Point Pleasant on the Great Kanawha River they met one thousand Indians under the great chief Cornstalk. At first, with the Indians attacking, the frontiersmen gave ground, then by weight of numbers and strategy they won the day, although the field was closely contested. That battle practically ended "Lord Dunmore's War." The Indians agreed to a peace parley.

Only Logan, chief of the Mingoes, was still embittered, and would not come to the conference. The Mingoes were further punished by the white army but still Logan would not come to treat for peace.

To Colonel John Gibson, a backwoodsman he had long known, Logan spoke of his grief, uttering a speech so eloquent that it stands as one of the greatest declamations ever written and, so Thomas Jefferson thought, equaling anything spoken by either Demosthenes or Cicero. Said the chief:

"I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked and he clothed him not? During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his camp, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as I passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap the last spring in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I

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have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Even the Indian-fighters of the frontier could appreciate the eloquence, perhaps even the justice, of the chief's speech; although it was not Michael Cresap but a man named Greathouse who was responsible for the murders. After the treaty was made, Logan retired to a cabin on the Scioto River. But he seemed restless and unhappy and soon he was wandering from village to village, brooding over the injustices that had been done to him.

However, he remained the same dignified and courageous warrior, always voting against the torture of prisoners. In the autumn of 1778, Simon Kenton, the famous hunter and Indian-fighter, was brought in a prisoner. Girty, the renegade, had once before interceded for the scout. Now it was Logan who saved Kenton's life.

In 1779 Logan adopted a white woman into his family to take the place of the sister whom he had loved and who had been killed by the whites at Yellow Creek. The following year he went over to the British and helped to raid the frontier stations in Kentucky.

Liquor, the one vice which hurt the American Indian more than any other brought to the continent by the white man, hastened Logan's downfall. His father had inveighed against intemperance and Logan himself had once charged the whites to stop the sale of rum. But now Logan was a brooding, bitter figure and rum made him forget. More than one great chief, even Pontiac, was struck down while vilely drunk. So it was to be with Logan, the Mingo chief.

At a Detroit council in 1780 Logan, who was intoxicated, struck his wife and nearly killed her. He was pursued by his wife's relations and while thus in a semi-stupor from the effects of the firewater, was shot and killed by his own nephew. Thus ingloriously ended the life of Logan.

However, his name was not forgotten. A year after his death, Thomas Jefferson included "Logan's Lament" in his *Notes on Virginia* and the declamation became everywhere famous. Even today it still epitomizes the tale of the Indians' wrongs, beginning as it does with the sublimely eloquent line: "I appeal to any white man . . ."—PHILIP PAUL DANIELS

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THE RUNAWAY

HE SEEMED TO KNOW HIS WAY AROUND FOR A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD KID, AND SO IT TURNED OUT

PLAGUE take the pesky kid, I can't make up my mind what to do about him. If I turn in a complaint to the police, he is pretty certain to be picked up, and that would mean the reformatory for him. I never heard of a reformatory reforming anybody; for a kid of his type, especially, it would be the finish. He's a clever rascal, plenty smart, and it seems to me he's just at the dividing line between a decent use of that cleverness and a criminal life. Or perhaps he's just past the dividing line.

Of course he didn't really fool me. I suspected from the first moment, when he made all that thirsty show of gulping down the three glasses of water, that he was up to some sort of game, and I let him go on with his game only because I was curious to see what he actually would do; and then I let him go too far.

But I still can't make up my mind to turn him in. Martha says it's not the boy I'm thinking of at all; she says I'm just too cowardly to shoulder the responsibility of sending him to the reformatory. Maybe.

Around dusk, it was; we had just finished supper when there was a tapping on the screen door of the shack, and we saw this kid standing there grinning a wide, adventurous boyish grin. Could he please have a drink of water?

Sure. I fetched him a drink. He gulped it down. That certainly tasted good! Could he please have another? Three glasses, he swallowed; and I wondered, if he was that thirsty, why he hadn't stopped at the Warren's cottage, half a mile before ours.

"Been hiking far?" I asked.

"All the way from town along the beach!" he announced. "That's eight miles."

"Six, about," I said.

"No, it's eight. One of the coast guard men told me," he declared. Well, a boy has a right to exagger-

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ate a bit. "And hiking on sand is not so easy!"

He was wearing a white sweatshirt a few sizes too large for him, and had a regulation army knapsack strapped to his back. "Going to camp out for a couple of days," he volunteered.

"Alone?" Martha said.

"Yep." He liked going it alone. "I've got a blanket in there, and four potatoes, and two oranges, and some bread. And I've got forty cents. That ought to last me," he said.

There he stood, eyes shining; even at that moment I had a feeling he was a bit too glib, and though he was just a boy, I had a feeling that he was *acting* boyish. There was half a pie and the remains of supper on the table; he began to mumble something about could he buy some frankfurters from us? But by that time Martha was fixing him a bacon sandwich. "There's some corn we had left over, and how about a piece of pie for the kid?" I reminded her.

"Gee, thanks," he said, just like a boy.

Well, where was he fixing to camp? Ours was the last shack on High Head; for several miles beyond, the beach was absolutely deserted.

"Oh, I'll camp most anywhere," he said, with a vague yellowish look in his eyes that made me feel he had some other intention.

"Going to sleep right out in the open?" Martha said.

"Why, I guess I'll have to, unless I can find some sort of shelter, a deserted shack or something. I don't know these parts at all. I've never been up this far," he said. But then he added, "Isn't there some kind of old shed in the cranberry bog? Where's that?"

"Why yes, there is a shed of some sort down there," I said. It would be good enough shelter.

"The Warrens told me about it," he hastened to explain. "The people in the house before this one. I stopped there. She gave me some cookies, six cookies. I ate one, and I've got five right here in my pack." He seemed about to show them to us.

Martha asked him if his parents didn't mind his going off like that.

"Mother doesn't mind," he said. "She knows I can take care of myself." Once more that yellowish look came into his eyes.

While Martha was getting his coffee, I said, "So you're on your own for a couple of days?"

"Oh, I'm not going back there so soon," he said. His voice was small, hard as a thrown pebble. He gave me a quick man-to-man look.

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Well, a boy has a right to run away from home once or twice.

I went back there to Martha feeling I had a big joke to tell her. "Runaway!" I tipped her the wink.

"Think so?" she said, calmly.

"Lemme use my spoon!" he said, when she handed him his coffee, and he fished a combination jackknife spoon out of his pocket.

"All right," she said. "Use it."

Then he showed us his other knife, that had a corkscrew, and a fine steel blade. "That cuts right through anything," he announced. "Even iron!"

"Now, now—" I said.

"Come on, Jerry, drink your coffee," Martha said. He'd told us his name was Jerry.

Then he fished out a package of Camels. "Cigarette?" with perfect grace, he offered the package to Martha. She thanked him, and took one. He turned to me.

"Nope. Never smoke," I told him.

"You don't know how lucky you are," he informed me, in the exact tones men smokers always use when they say that. I nearly choked laughing. That minute, I liked the kid tremendously. "I've been smoking for two years. Let's see. Yes, it's been about two years. Started when I was ten," he said.

The evening wore on; he made no move to leave. We began to hint that campers ought to be seeing to their camps: no effect. Martha said she was tired and wanted to go to bed: no effect.

At last we told him point blank that we were going to bed; would he like us first to show him that shed in the cranberry bog? He would. But as we walked to it through the darkness, I felt as though he were leading the way. The shed was windowless, and littered with scraps of wood. But with ten minutes of cleaning, and the door left open, it would make a good shelter. However, the camper sniffed sourly, shook his head; "Rather the bare open spaces than this!" he declared. And he started back toward the house with us.

He trailed right into the shack after us. There he sat, a picture of helplessness.

"Some camper!" I kidded him. "Come along, we'll fix you a bed." And I fixed him a place on the sand, just outside the door. It was swell out there that night; I had a mind to sleep out myself.

When we awoke in the morning, he was sitting on the doorstep, sucking an orange. He looked as though he had had a bad night. Not an outdoor kind of kid, I de-

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cided then, and felt even more puzzled about him. How'd he sleep? "Fine," he said, with the gritty accent of a man who can bear his own troubles.

We called him in to breakfast. He was around all day; by that time he had sort of admitted himself into the family. "We'll let him stay over the week end," Martha and I agreed. I thought she might enjoy having a child around for a few days. She went out for a long walk on the beach with him.

Saturday evening, some friends were driving us into town for dinner, and to get our supplies. "I'll just stay out here," the boy said moodily. "I'll take care of myself."

"Think he'll have enough to eat?" I asked Martha.

"He still has all his own food," Martha said. Just then I saw a big party of picnickers coming up the beach.

"Let him stay," I said. "He'll attach himself to their picnic, you watch."

"I'm going to ask somebody in town about that kid," I said. But then we had to hurry in the store, and then we went to the movies, and I clean forgot. In the store, Martha was going through all kinds of complications getting a few cents' worth of frankfurters and some stuff in a separate bag. "He gave me his forty cents to buy provisions for him," she laughed.

It was drizzling when we got out of the movie, and we hurried home, wondering what had become of him. At first we couldn't make out what it was, clumped against the door of the shack. Looked like a sack of potatoes.

It was friend Jerry, all right, huddled in his blanket; when I touched him he began to thrash around like a cat in a sack; finally his head emerged.

The night was wet; we fixed him a bed in the shack, on the floor.

He was smart all right; he knew he was wearing out his welcome. Sunday, he made a great show of eating his own food for lunch. The picnic folks had left him some more oranges, potatoes, and stuff. He gobbled up all the frankfurters Martha had bought for him.

That afternoon I began to feel bothered about him. "If we don't say anything, he'll hang around all summer. What do you think?" I asked Martha.

"I think we'd better tell him to go," she said.

"You tell him. But make it easy."

She was down on the beach with him for a while. When she came back, she got his knapsack. "He says he had been intending

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to leave this afternoon, anyway."

"Was he hurt?"

"Oh no. He said he wants to go on."

"Where to?"

"Just on."

Hang the kid, with his mystifications.

About five o'clock, we were going out for a walk. Jerry was still squatting on the beach, with his pack all ready. If he wanted to get anywhere before dark, he'd have to be starting very soon. I figured he wanted to leave himself just time enough to reach the next settlement, about four miles away, at nightfall, so he could drift in on some other cottagers as he had on us.

"I think we ought to tell him to go now, when we start," Martha said.

I felt we couldn't do that. He was a sensitive boy. "We have no right to chase him off the beach," I said. "It's not our property."

"Well we just ought to see that he goes," she insisted.

I never lock the door when we go out for a walk, but this time I did lock it. I felt strange, doing it, as though I was insulting the boy.

There was, of course, all our food, right out there in the cooling barrel that was sunk in the sand. Jerry knew where it was. But I felt I'd rather lose some food, if he was the kind that would take things, than make him feel in advance that we were driving him away because we were suspicious of his honesty.

We started down the beach. We were in our bathing suits. He crouched there on the sand, like a little Arab.

"Well, so long Jerry," I said.

"So long," he said. "Good luck." I thought I caught a last funny look on his face.

We went on with our walk. About an hour later we returned to the shack. As we came up the side of the dune, I noticed that one of the window screens had been ripped. "The son of a gun!" I ran to the house.

He had cut the screen with his precious knife. My trousers hung over a chair, within reach of that window. A wallet stuck temptingly out of the pocket. He had stolen seven dollars.

That minute, I could have thrashed the skin off the little cur. I remember that the first thing I said to Martha was, "I guess I believe in corporal punishment, all right. I guess that's the only thing he could understand."

She said, kind of dazed, "And after we were so kind to him! We were kind to him, weren't we?"

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I noticed she was trying not to cry.

Now here is what I can't quite understand about myself: I wanted to thrash that boy, that minute. I knew he couldn't have got very far. He surely had headed for the main auto road, to try to get a lift. It was nearly dark. Hardly anyone would pick up a twelve-year-old boy at that hour without being curious as to his destination; no one would take him very far. Most likely he hadn't got a lift at all. If I borrowed the Warren's car, I could probably pick up that kid within twenty miles.

Instead, I headed for town, to find his mother. Now why did I do that? Wasn't I almost deliberately giving him a chance to get away? Giving him the night?

The mother was exactly like I had expected. There she sat, a simple, stoutish woman, in her little house, with the four other children, aged six to fourteen, clustered around her, and she talked and talked. The trouble she had had! Her husband leaving her with all these children to raise! And she had got through, somehow! And Jerry was the only one, always giving her trouble. But he had never done anything like this. Oh, no. Never stolen!

To think of sending him away to the reformatory! She had such a hard time making a living from her bakery. The boys helped. Jerry had his share to do, too; first he used to do the delivering, but they found that he wasn't trustworthy—oh, nothing like stealing, oh no, but you just could not trust him to go to the right place at the right time. So they had had to find something else for him to do, and now his task was to do the dishes. All he had to do was to wash the dishes. And he wouldn't do even that.

But he was such a clever boy. His teachers said he could be very clever if he tried. But he didn't get on with anybody, even with his brothers. And now she supposed I would report the theft to the police, and the police would find him and send him to reform school. Stealing! There was no help for him now; and perhaps, she sighed, that was the best place for him. What did I think?

There it is. As we look back, we can see all of his action as a crafty, unscrupulous intention to get what he could out of us, and be on his way. And he did break into my house, and steal my money.

"Aren't you going to the police?" Martha says. And then she says, "I suppose a boy has a right to be a thief, too!"

—George W. Reed

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ABOUT ERNST BARLACH

POWER AND SIMPLICITY ARE UNITED IN HIS SCULPTURE WITH DRAMATIC IMPACT

ERNST BARLACH'S art is rooted in the earth. It has least of the smell of the studio about it. Consistently enough, as long as he lived, Barlach's allegiances had belonged to artists who, like Millet and Van Gogh, drew their inspiration and their material from the common folk.

Self Portrait: Ernst Barlach

The simplicity of his medium and the directness of his portraiture and message make Barlach's art almost universally comprehensible. (Barlach always envisaged his work in the form of wood carving, even when he later cast them in bronze.) A tutored person may marvel that with means so simple the artist should have achieved such intensity of communication, but it seems to me that the meanest clodhopper from the village dungheap, set before a Barlach woodcarving, will understand at once what the figure is intended to convey to him. The emotions are immediate and universal. There are no troubling refinements or localizations in time or place which may tend to shut one of us out from comprehension. The *Fugitive* as Barlach pictures him, is a man in flight, garbed in no more expression and attitude and raiment than are required to convey the elemental idea of a fugitive.

Barlach's sculptures are per-

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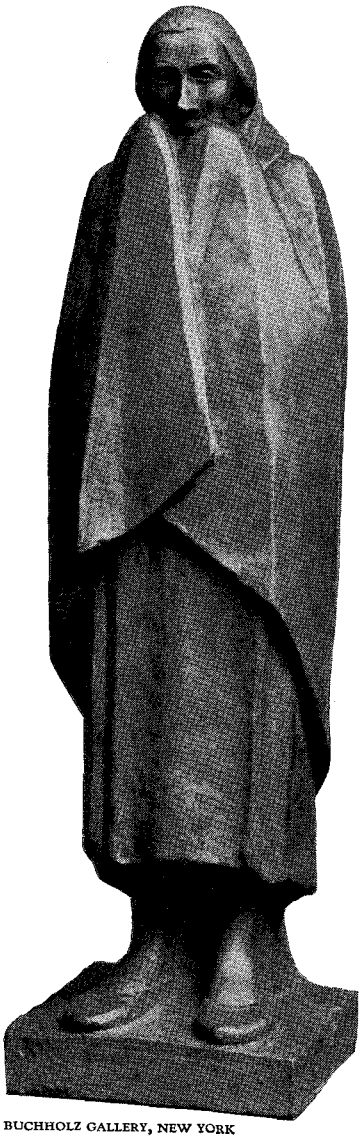
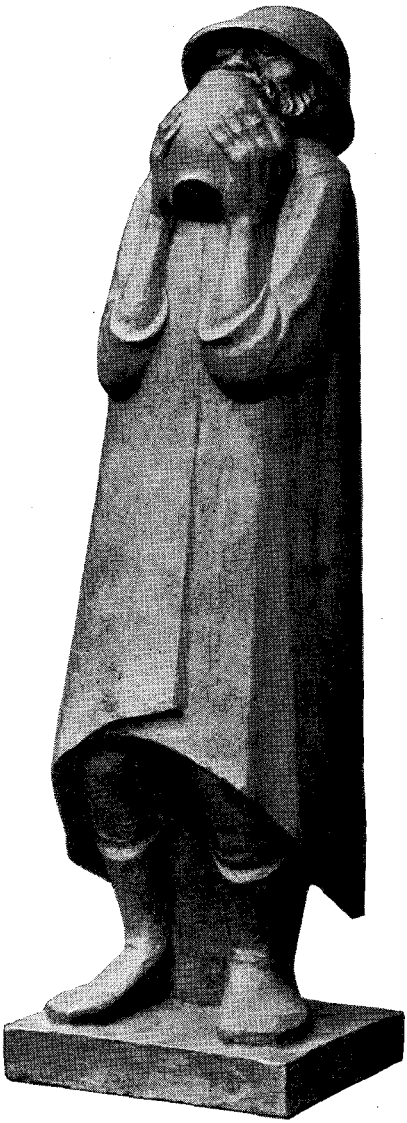


BUCHHOLZ GALLERY, NEW YORK

FREEZING GIRL (BRONZE)



MAN DRINKING (BRONZE)

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THE AVENGER (BRONZE)

sonifications of simple emotions, statements making use of indisputably objective symbols. Who can mistake the demoniacal nature of the drive of *The Avenger*, or the simple lyricism of *Freezing Girl?* Barlach's emotional gamut is narrow, but deep; his summons is crude, but powerful, and only rarely, if ever, does he call upon those refinements of perception in the spectator with which more subtle artists like to establish contact. His work never compels us, or even invites us, to worship or revere.

In the light of his personal antecedents and considering the unimpeachable racial purity of the sources of his art, it is hard to understand why the custodians of Teutonic Kultur who came into power with Hitler did not embrace Ernst Barlach, an artist of German blood and soil if ever there was one. But they did not,

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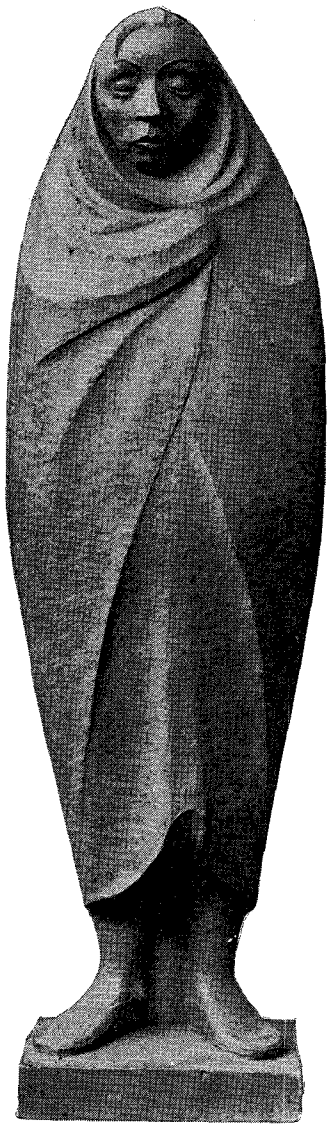

PEASANT GIRL (WOOD)

curiously enough, and the rumor even got about that Barlach, in despair, had killed himself. At any rate, he died at Guestrow, North Prussia, in October, 1938.

Barlach was born in 1870, at Wedel, near Hamburg, into a family in which the pursuit of the arts was not frowned upon. He began by using the sculptor's chisel, the crayon and the pen, and he also wrote verses, an avocation he followed deep into maturity. At the age of eighteen he enrolled in the Hamburg School of Arts and Crafts, with the plan of becoming a drawing teacher, and then decided for sculpture. His first instructor, a follower of Thorvaldsen, discouraged him. In 1891 he enrolled in the Dresden Academy and soon he began to find his motives as a sculptor not in historical monuments, which he had been copying, but in the daily life of the streets. He began then to try to make the real monumental. From Paris he returned unsatisfied, but about that time he began to learn to organize his work better and to eliminate the nonessential. In 1906 he accompanied his brother on a trip to South Russia, an experience described as a turning point in his career, and from which he returned with his first successful motives

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MAN DRAWING A SWORD (WOOD)

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FUGITIVE (BRONZE)

in sculpture and wood carving.

The following year he set to work on a series of figures in wood and terra cotta, of Russian peasants, shepherds, beggars, each figure becoming not only a description but also a symbol of a universal fate. He showed several of these works in the exhibition of the Berlin Secession in 1907, and they were praised. Then followed the Italian journey and the consequent discovery that he could work best in the half light of North Germany. From 1910 he made his home in the town of Guestrow, in which his fame achieved a quiet and steady growth. Notable me-

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morials in his characteristic style are to be found in American museums—in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, New London and Seattle. He has left behind considerable work in crayon and in impressions from the lithographic stone and the woodblock. Relaxing from art he wrote poetry and drama, in which he made explicit the message of his sculpture. —HARRY SALPETER

SINGING MAN (BRONZE)

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THE TEN BEST

CORONET AMENDS THE CRITICS TO ROUND OUT THE SEASON'S HONOR ROLL OF STAGE STARS

EVERY year the irreverent Broadway Bible called *Variety* asks the newspaper critics of the drama to pick the best actors of the season. It is not the "ten best" game that is played annually by every critic in the country. This time each critic is simply asked to name those actors and actresses he liked best—one, two, or twenty.

There was a nice unanimity of choice this year. Most of the critics liked Robert Morley as Oscar Wilde, and Raymond Massey as Abe Lincoln, and Laurette Taylor in *OutwardBound*. They liked Morris Carnovsky and Helen Claire and Eddie Dowling and Maurice Evans and Mildred Natwick. We liked them too.

We noticed, however, a certain discrepancy in the elections this year—a certain fickleness. Whereas the critics, to a man, fell in love with Miss Vera Zorina, she of the musical comedy *I Married an Angel*, they did not mention her on the *Variety* ballot. This seemed an inexcusable sort of double-cross which we've attempted to rectify. (Rectification on facing page.)

The critics liked Maurice Evans in *Hamlet*. They voted that way, however, before they had seen him in *Henry IV*. We liked him better in *Henry IV*.

The critics, moreover, voted before they had seen the Theatre Guild production of Stefan Zweig's *Jeremiah*. They did not like Mr. Zweig's frieze of the prophet but they did sing hosannahs for the performance of young Kent Smith in the title role. (Though the picture here belies the fact, Mr. Smith is just 29.) We are putting him on our own varsity squad.

Otherwise, the critics and our own picked board of electors are in sweet accord. No arguments, no exceptions. Add Falstaff, Jeremiah, and Zorina to the *Variety* list and you have the following cast of characters in the ten best of the 1938-39 season on Broadway . . .

—SIDNEY CARROLL

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COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDAMM

VERA ZORINA IN *I MARRIED AN ANGEL*

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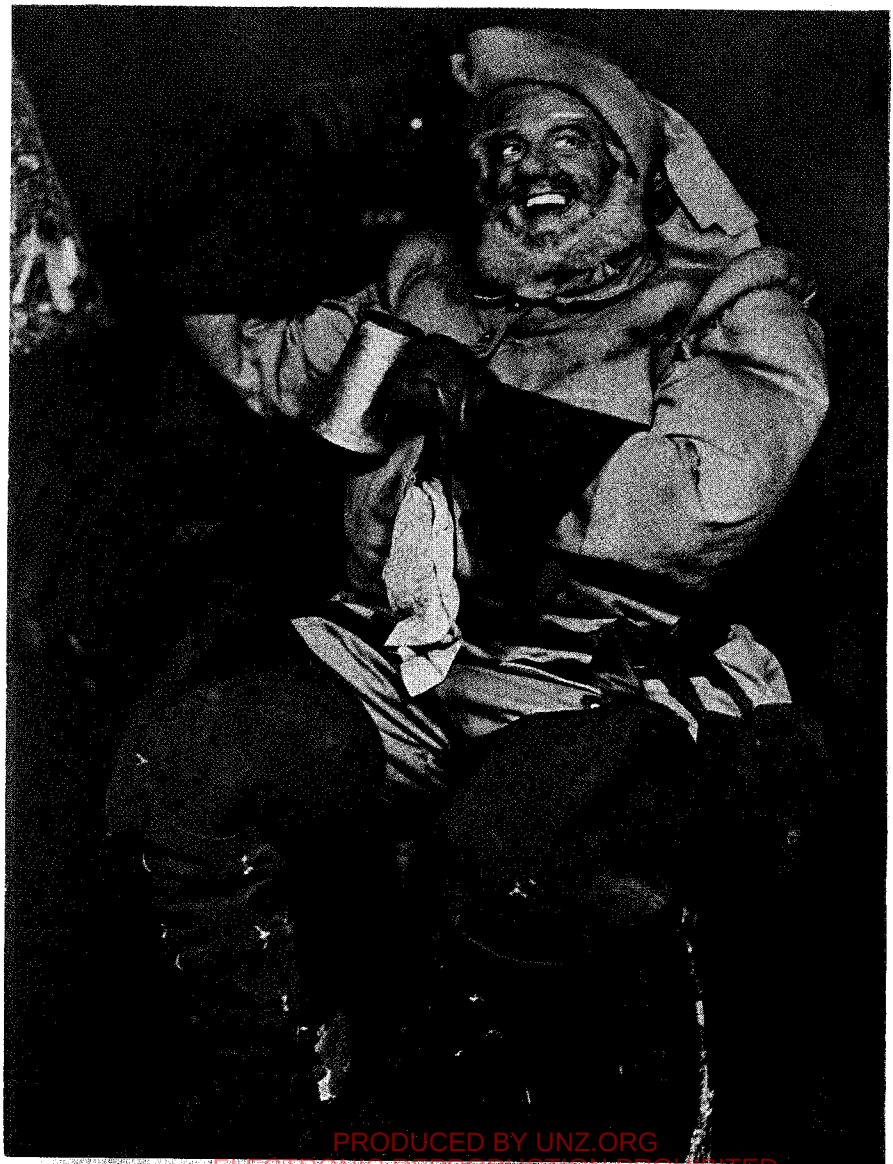
MAURICE EVANS IN *HENRY IV*



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ROBERT MORLEY IN *OSCAR WILDE*

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LAURETTE TAYLOR IN *OUTWARD BOUND*

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LUCAS AND PRICHARD

HELEN CLAIRE IN *KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE*

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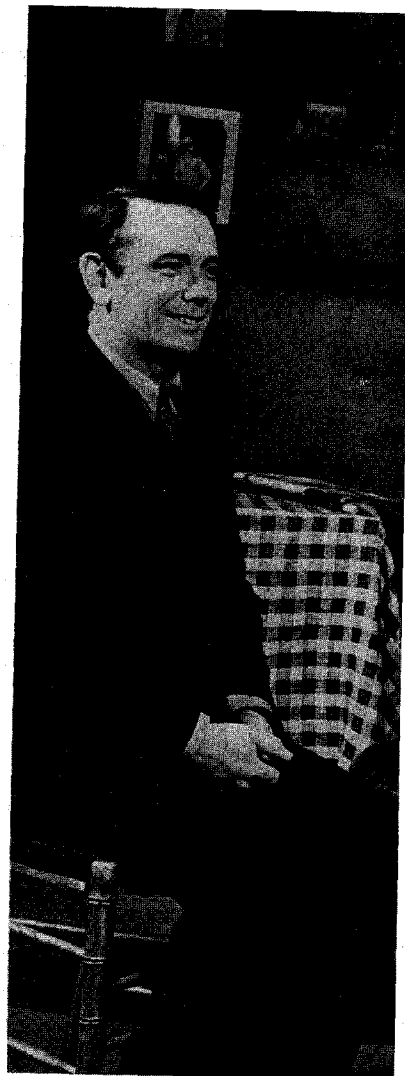

RICHARD CARVER WOOD

EDDIE DOWLING
IN *HERE COME THE CLOWNS*

VALENTE

MORRIS CARNOVSKY
IN *ROCKET TO THE MOON*

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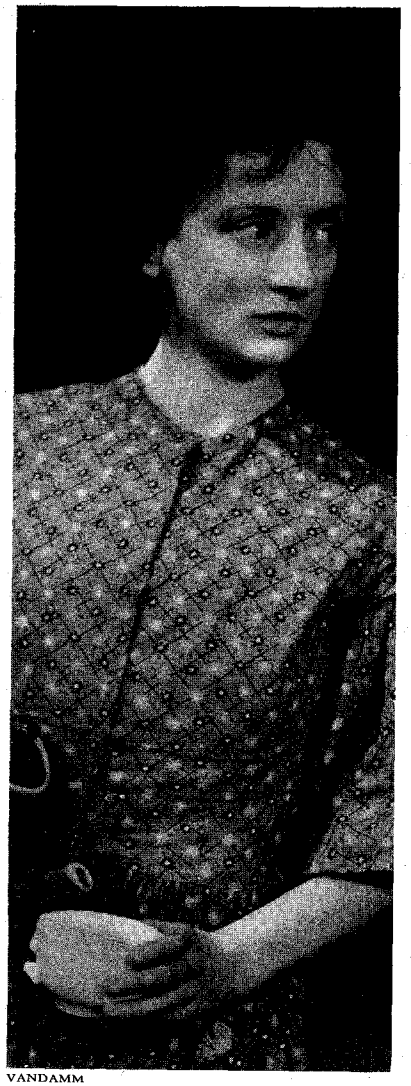
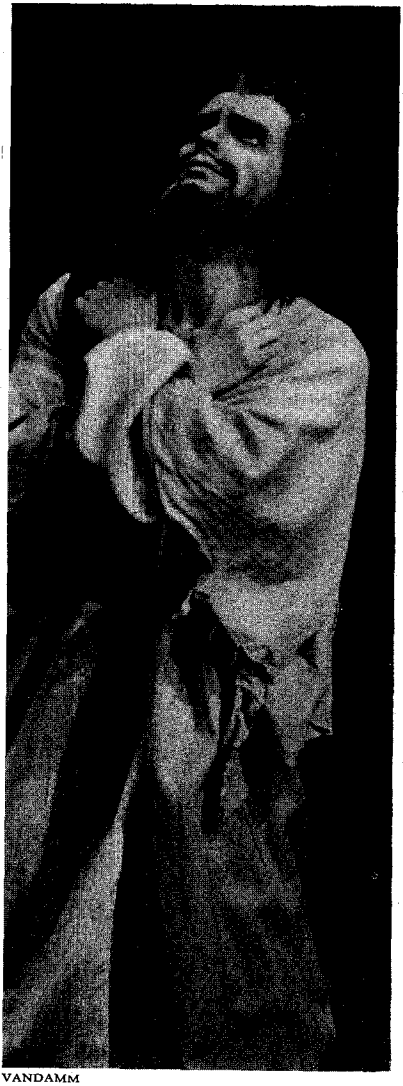


VANDAMM

MILDRED NATWICK
IN *MISSOURI LEGEND*



VANDAMM

KENT SMITH
IN *JEREMIAH*

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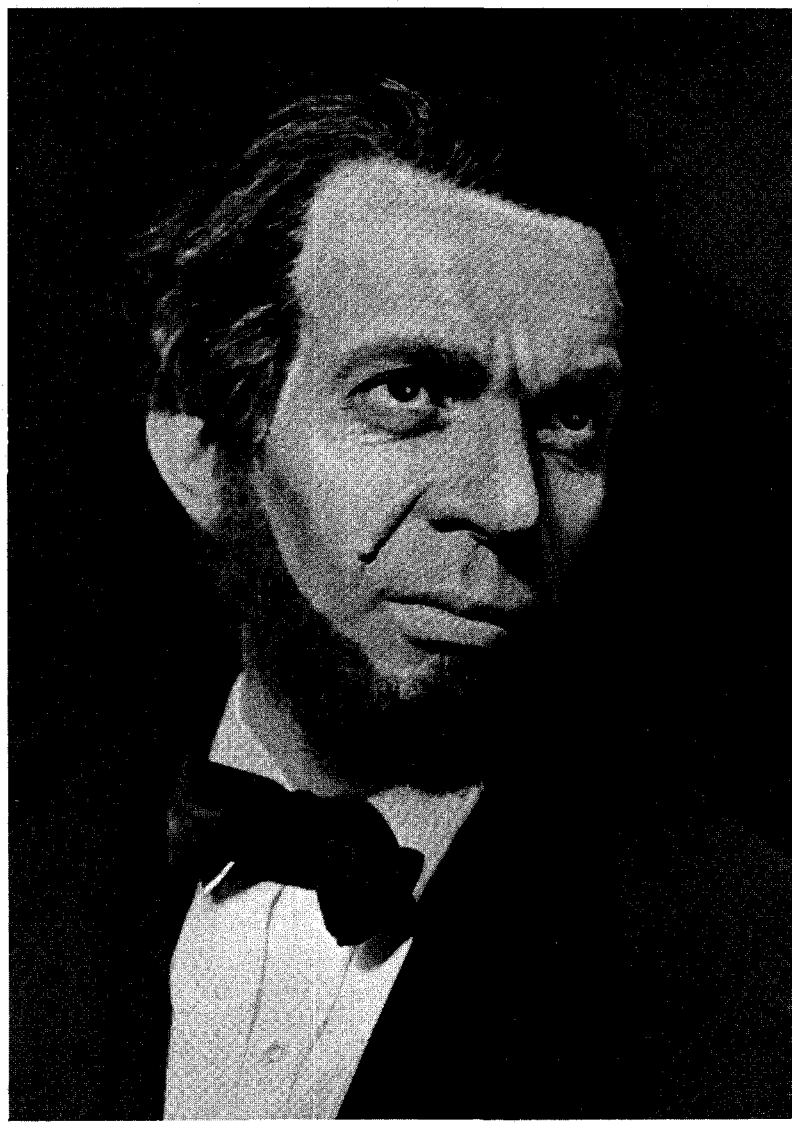

HERBERT KEHL

RAYMOND MASSEY IN *ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS*

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THE MOODY HAMLET
ERIC BLORE

HAMLET IN HOLLYWOOD

By McGOWAN MILLER

A HALF-DOZEN Hamlets upon whose ears will never fall e'en the clip-clip of the cutting-room villains

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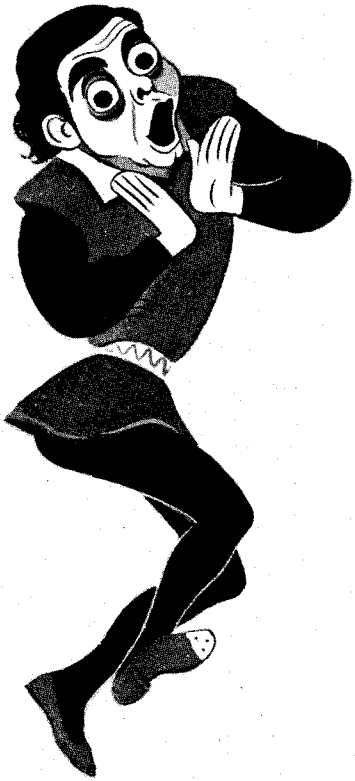

THE MUSICOMEDY HAMLET
EDDIE CANTOR

THE CYNICAL HAMLET
LIONEL STANDER

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THE APPREHENSIVE HAMLET
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH

THE OMNISCIENT HAMLET
PETER LORRE

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THE MATTER-OF-FACT HAMLET
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

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EXPERIMENT AFTER DAGUERRE

ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER, THE FIRST CAMERA EVER MADE IN AMERICA STILL TAKES PICTURES

EVERY time you are annoyed by a miniature camera fan popping up from nowhere to shatter your sacred privacy, every time you are bored stiff by the friend who insists upon showing you the latest shots of his dear children in whom you are not the least interested, every time your favorite newspaper shows scantily clad bathing beauties while you are suffering chills, every time you see a photograph, you should think of Joaquim Bishop, of Philadelphia, now long since gathered unto his reward, whatever that may be. If you have never heard of Joaquim do not let that worry you, because probably no one else whom you know ever heard of him. He did not invent photography, he did not invent the camera, and the chances are that he never made a picture himself. But he was the first camera maker in America. He was busy at this task in Philadelphia in 1839, the very year of the birth of photography; and he made pretty good cameras at that.

Miss Gladys Müller, photographer of The Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, has made a Joaquim Bishop camera work. Understand, Miss Müller did not take an old "Joaquim Bishop," stick a modern fast film in it, and say, "What a smart girl am I." That trick has fooled the public very well on several occasions, but Miss Müller was not interested in fooling anybody. She took the old camera and the old apparatus, and worked the thing just as old Bishop's customers had to work. And she soon found that photography wasn't fun in those days. It was a headache, brought on by breathing iodine and mercury fumes.

Back in 1839 The Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania was already seventeen years old, "an institution devoted to the study and promotion of the mechanic arts and applied sciences." Its *Journal* was the one big place

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to turn for information regarding what was going on in the world of invention. Daguerre announced his discovery of photography in January of 1839, and in August of the same year gave the full details to the world, as the gift of France, after he himself had been assured of a pension. The *Journal* of The Franklin Institute was right on the job. In its September, 1839, issue it mentioned Daguerre's discovery, told more in the October issue, and shot the works in the November issue with a full translation of Daguerre's process, with diagrams and everything. This was all that Joaquim Bishop needed to start him off in the business of making cameras.

Bishop was a maker of chemical instruments for the great Dr. Robert Hare, of the University of Pennsylvania, and had his place of business at 213 Cherry Street, in Philadelphia. He made three cameras, one for Dr. Paul Beck Goddard, associate of Dr. Hare; one for Justus Saxton, mechanic of the United States Mint; and one for Robert Cornelius, sheet metal worker of 176 Chestnut Street. Dr. Goddard sold his camera to John Sartain, from whom it passed first to Samuel Sartain, and then to Dr. Paul J. Sartain, the latter presenting it to The Franklin Institute. It was the Goddard camera and apparatus that Miss Müller used.

Taking Bishop's Number One Camera, and apparatus, and the translation of Daguerre's own details in the *Journal* of The Franklin Institute, just exactly what Dr. Paul Beck Goddard, the first American amateur camera fan, had to work with, Miss Müller stepped back one hundred years and went to work. There were five operations in the process, any one of which would discourage the hardiest camera addict of today.

First, following Daguerre's own instructions, she obtained some thin sheets of copper plated with silver, "the thickness of the two metals should not exceed that of a stout card." She started with her plates, or "tablets," a small bottle of olive oil, some pumice "ground exceedingly fine," a bottle of nitric acid, and as much patience as might be found in a single human being. The plate was polished with the oil and pumice stone, using a circular motion, and that circular motion was most important. "It is upon the perfect polish of the plate that the beauty of the picture in a great measure depends," said Daguerre. The plate was then rubbed with acid, and again polished. Never mind how long this

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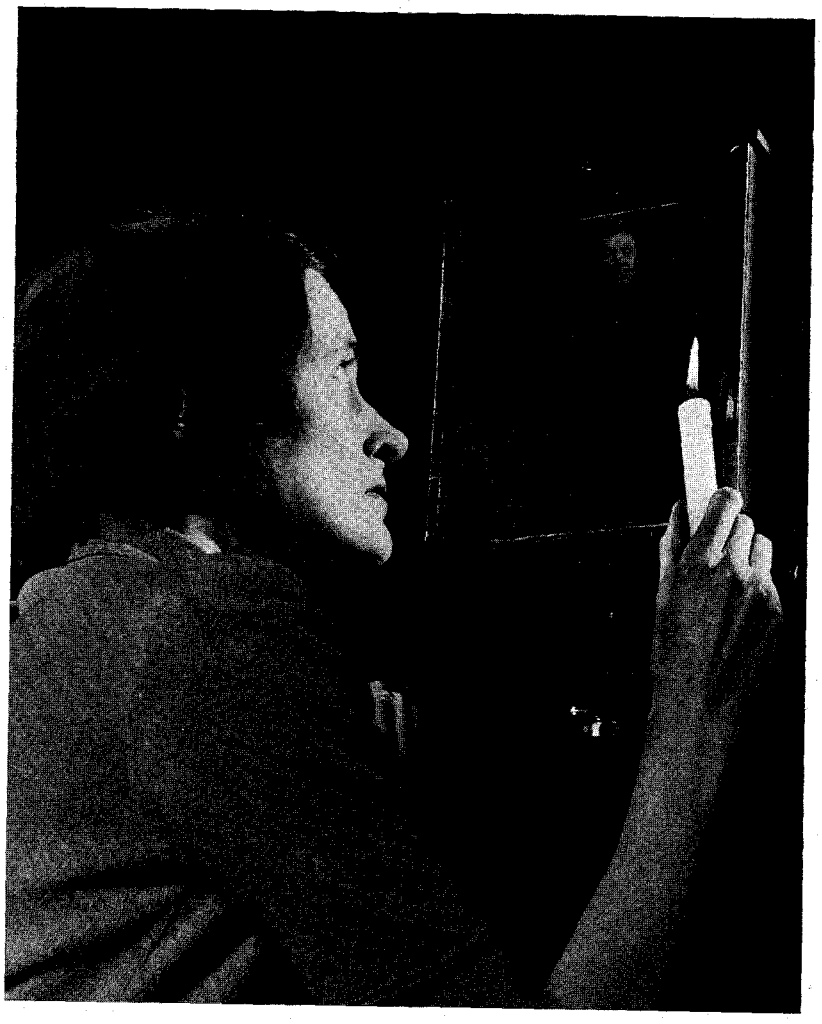

Miss Gladys Müller, photographer of The Franklin Institute, faithfully retraced Daguerre's century-old footsteps to produce the two *authentic* daguerreotypes shown on the following pages. In this operation she is developing a "tablet," or plate, in a box where it is being exposed to mercury fumes. Note the ghost-like image coming up on the "tablet." Only candle light can be used to observe this.

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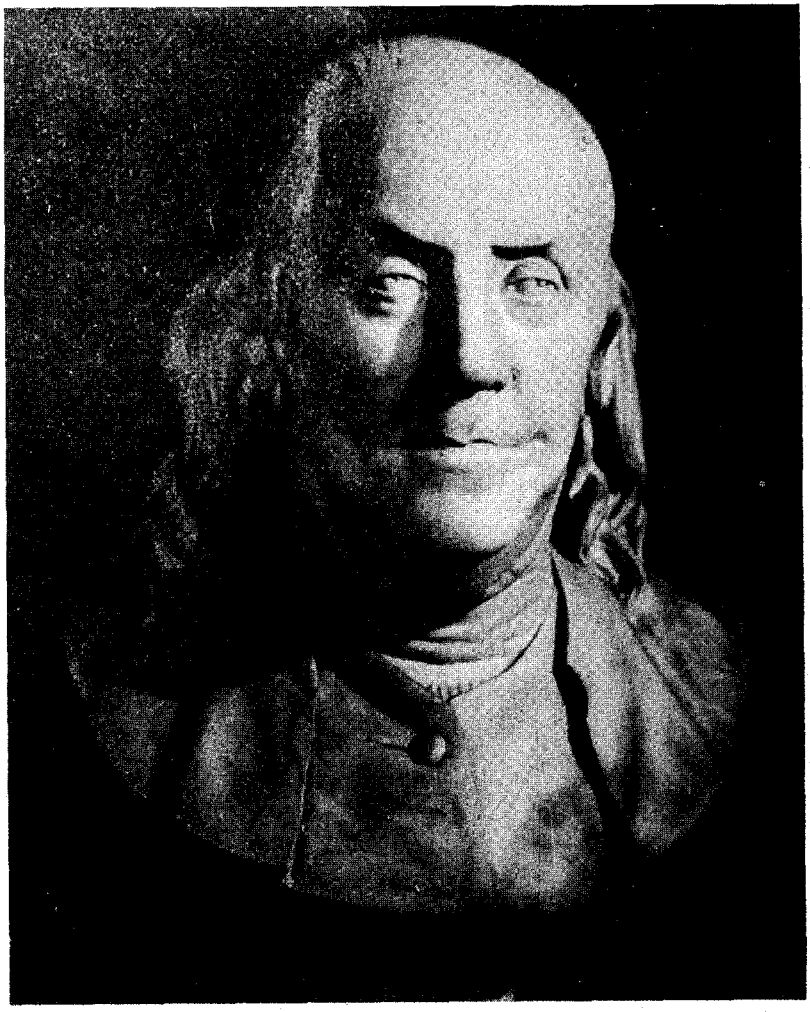

Some photographers saluted the centennial of the Daguerre camera by taking an oldtime camera and producing pictures of amazing quality. The quality seems less amazing when it is understood that the plates and other equipment were modern. Miss Müller, however, kept complete faith with the spirit of Daguerre. Above is her daguerreotype of a statue of Franklin, as Daguerre himself would have made it.

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took. Then the plate was heated by placing it on a wire frame and passing a spirit lamp under every part of it. A white film appeared which had to be polished off with pumice again. Three times this heating and polishing was done, because Daguerre said it must be done three times. If one had the patience to survive step one, the plate was now ready for step two.

This operation, where the polished silver side of the plate was exposed to the fumes of iodine, in a box, until a yellow coating of the desired shade was obtained, was most tricky. The plate had to be examined from time to time, and the examination must not expose the plate to strong light. Nor are iodine fumes pleasant to inhale. In later years bromine was used instead of iodine, to speed up the "tablets," but Daguerre worked with iodine, so Miss Müller followed the master's instructions.

Operation Two was completed, and the tablet was ready for the camera. Miss Müller had now arrived at the point where a picture might be taken. Today, operations one and two are conveniently completed in advance when the camera fan steps into the shop and buys a roll of film, but old Dr. Goddard had to do all this work himself if he wanted to take pictures.

For the big event, the taking of the picture, the "camera obscura" was used. It had no bellows, but was focused by moving one box in and out of another until the image was sharp on the ground glass. Then the ground glass was removed and the plate holder, containing the plate, inserted. This plate holder was a most ingenious affair, a sort of "rat trap." In the dark room, the sensitized plate was placed in the holder, and a shutter closed over it, a string holding this shutter like a rat trap. Then when the plate was in the camera the string permitted the shutter to drop. Now for the exposure. That was a heartbreak for Miss Müller. It was try and try again. However, she got an outside view in sunlight in twenty minutes, and an inside view with modern studio lights, in the same time. The exposure over, the string was pulled, and the shutter in the plate holder closed.

Now for Operation Four. For this was needed "two pounds of mercury, a spirit lamp, a glass funnel with a long neck, and the apparatus shown in figures three and four." Old Joaquim Bishop had made this apparatus. The plate was placed in the apparatus, the mercury heated, and by candle light the effects watched. Slowly

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View of The Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, taken with a 100-year-old camera by the exact process followed by Daguerre. The inscription on the building reads backwards because the image in a daguerreotype is reversed in the same manner as that in a mirror.

but surely the image appeared on the plate, when Miss Müller was lucky. With the image on the plate, all was ready for Operation Five.

For Operation Five, Daguerre said, "we must have a saturated solution of common salt, or weak solution of pure hyposulphite of soda, an inclined plane or frame, two tinned copper pans, and a kettle of distilled water." He added, "The object of this operation is to remove the coating of iodine, which would otherwise, when the impression had been too long exposed to the light, continue to decompose and destroy the picture." Then he said, "To preserve the impressions, they must be put under glass and cemented in; they are then unalterable, even in the sun."

And thus the apparatus and camera of the first camera maker in America, a man who really made three cameras, all following the same pattern and produced in the very year that Daguerre announced his discovery, was found to work after a century.

—GEORGE H. ECKHARDT

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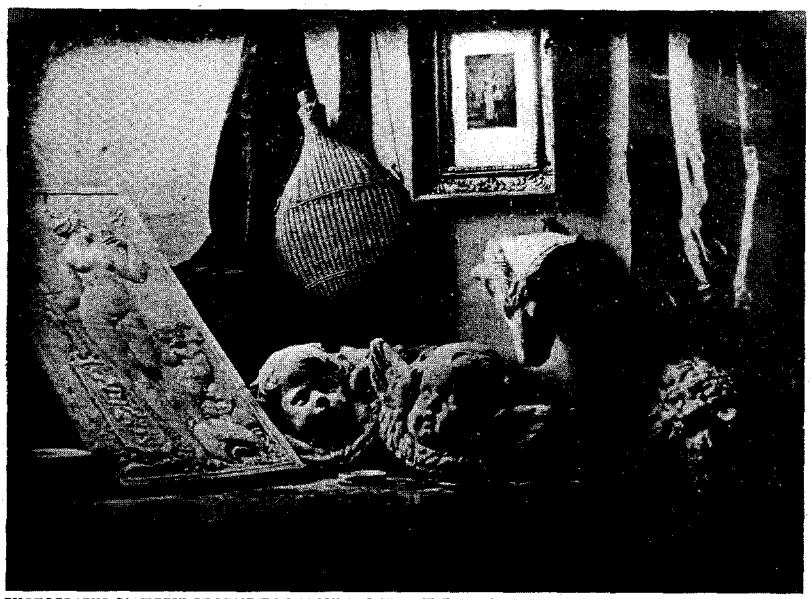

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

Earliest daguerreotype in existence: Still Life by Daguerre, 1837

A Portfolio of Seven Historic Photographs

1837–1868

MAY, 1939

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HIPPOLYTE BAYARD

STATUES, 1839

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D. O. HILL AND ROBERT ADAMSON

PORTRAIT OF DAVID OCTAVIUS HILL, 1843

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D. O. HILL AND ROBERT ADAMSON

TWO SISTERS, 1845

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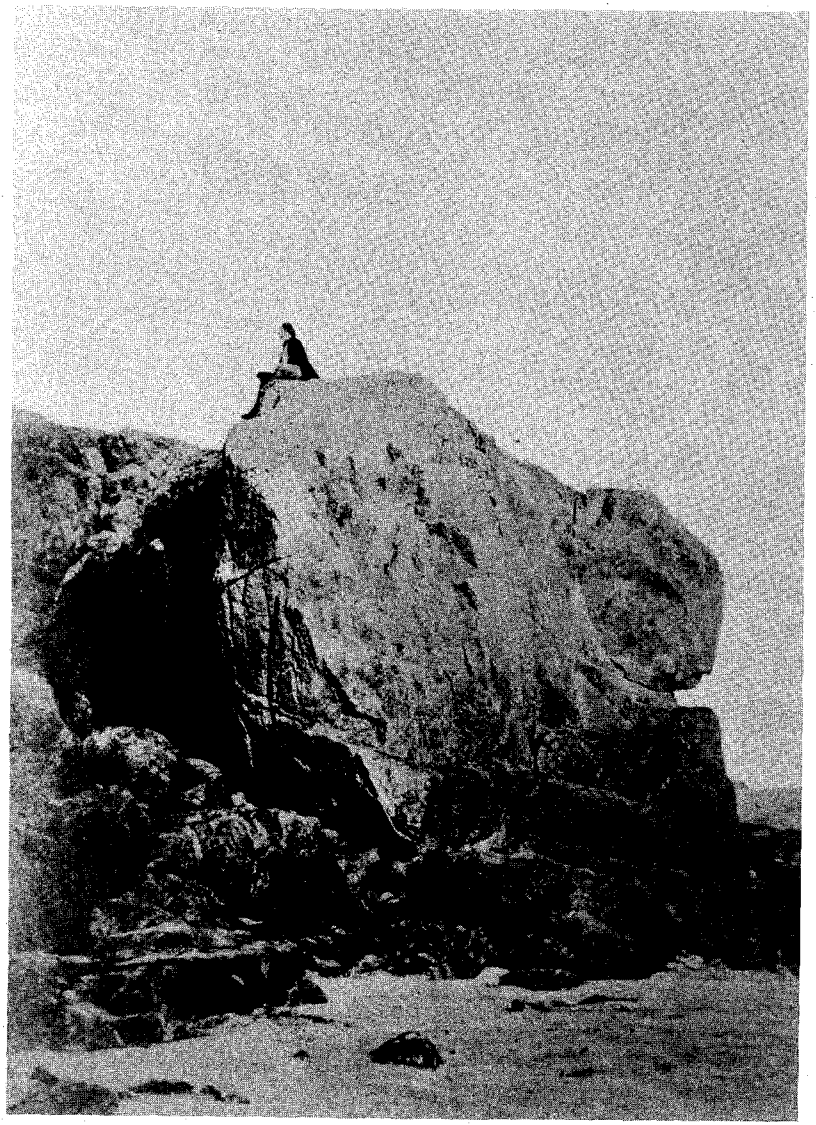

CHARLES VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR HUGO ON HIS ROCK OF EXILE, 1853

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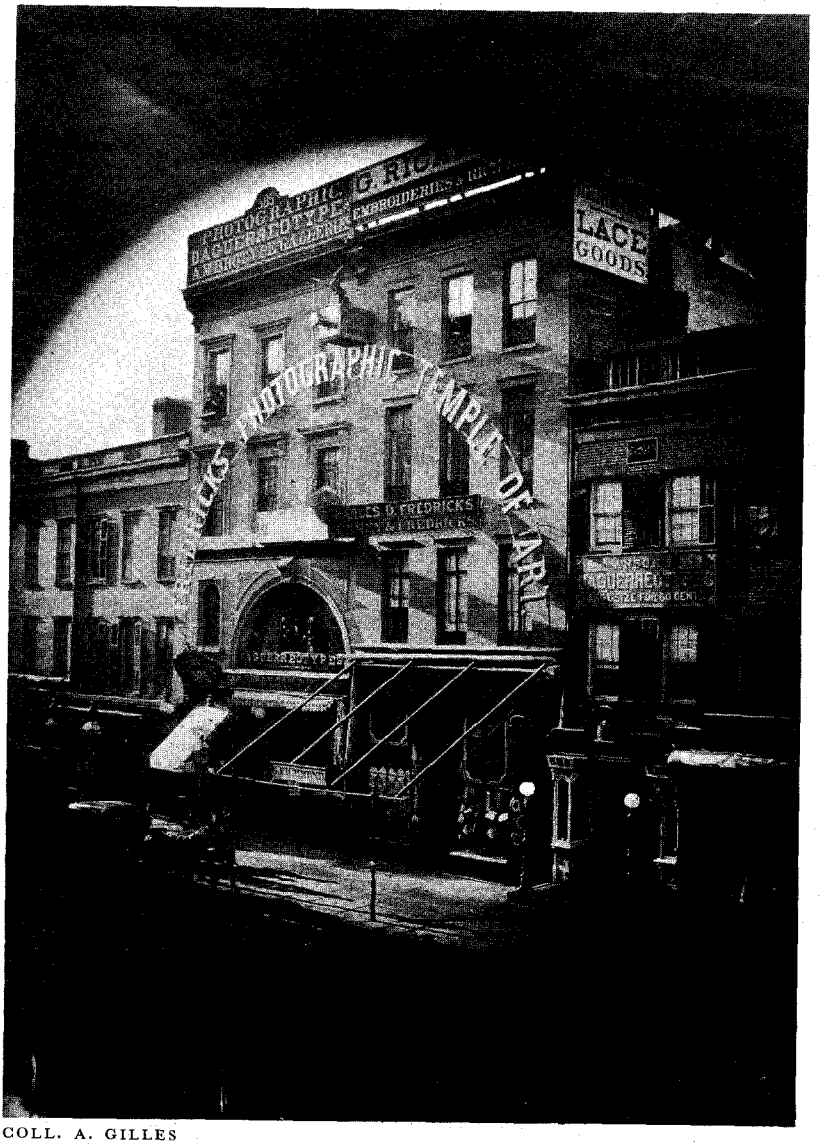

COLL. A. GILLES

FREDRICK'S PHOTOGRAPHIC TEMPLE, 1854

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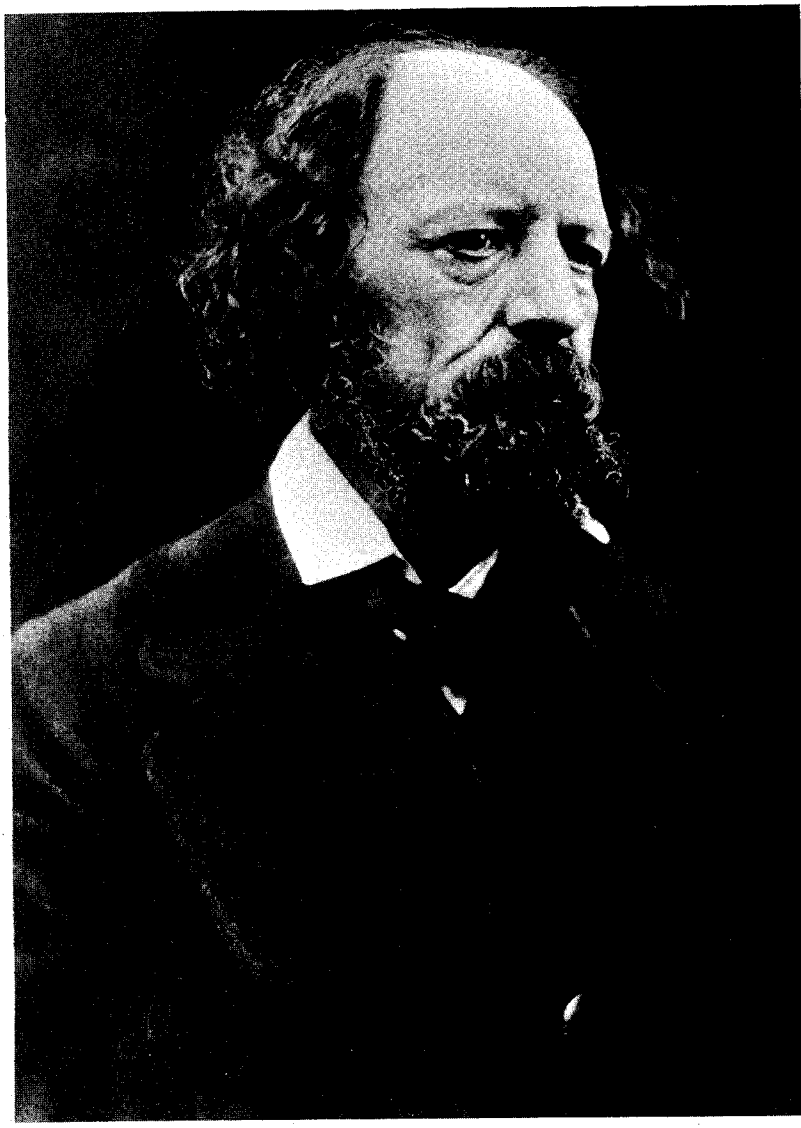

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1868

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A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

DR. FRANK K. CAMERON

THOUGH their work is of vast importance, soil chemists bloom almost unseen so far as the man in the street is concerned. One of the most self-effacing of this unpublicized group is brilliant Dr. Frank K. Cameron, whose life has been devoted to a search for the unknown. Now he is spotlighted for a contribution which may alleviate U. S.'s Number One economic problem, the impoverished South. The first to develop harvesting of the whole cotton plant as a source of cellulose for rayon, he believes the use of this method will enable a sick cotton industry to recover in two years. In his system, alpha-cellulose processed from the entire cotton plant (with everything but roots utilized) is superior to that now obtained. Earlier in his career he made senior scientists gasp when he and a co-author issued the famous Bulletin 22 on soil solutions which exploded previous theories. That was while he served as a chemist for the government Bureau of Soils. Dr. Cameron won A.B. and Ph.D. degrees at Johns Hopkins, where he played on the championship lacrosse team. A Sage fellowship and professorship of organic chemistry at Cornell followed. He has done much to develop physical chemistry, found jobs for many struggling Cornell graduates. Since 1926, Dr. Cameron, now 70, has taught at North Carolina U. He takes his relaxation in good music and fishing. The most difficult part of research is getting people to accept the results, he claims.

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DR. FRANK K. CAMERON

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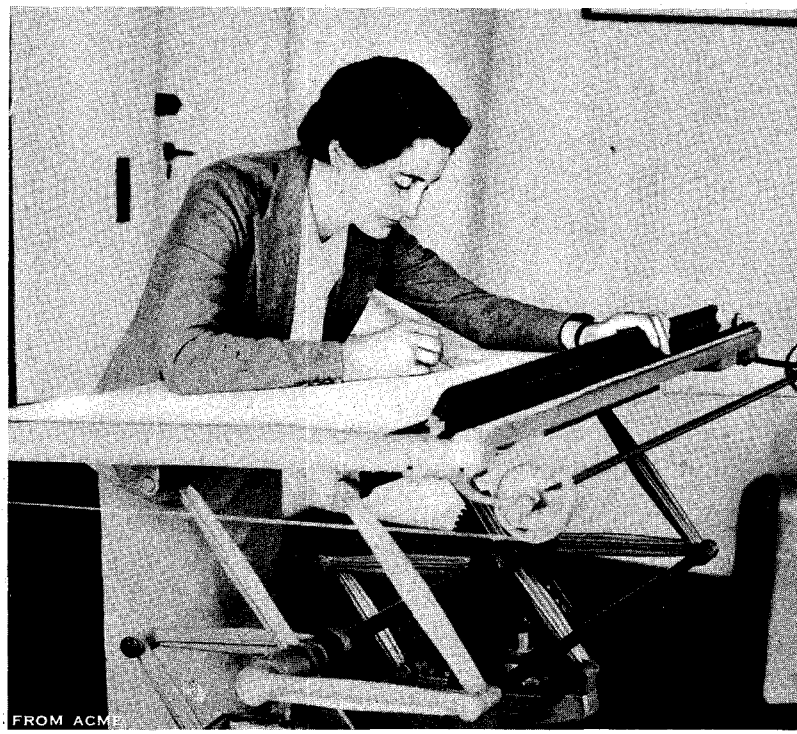

MAXINE MILES

WHO TURNED HER BACK ON THE STAGE TO DESIGN AIRPLANES

You'd expect to find the beautiful brunette daughter of the late actor Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson behind footlights on Piccadilly or Broadway—or before the cameras in Teddington or Hollywood. Actually, however, you must look for Mrs. F. G. Miles, *née* Maxine Forbes-Robertson, at a drafting board in an airplane factory at Reading, England. From this drafting board have come many progressive designs for civil and military airships, including the Miles Sparrowhawk, which is generally rated the most successful of the English racing monoplanes. Britain recently made her one of the five directors of the new Civil Air Guard. Maxine Miles, now 34 years old, first acquired an interest in aeronautical design from her flying husband. They have an air-minded son, Jeremy, who is five years old.

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GEORGE HITT

WHO PRODUCES IMAGINATIVE SILHOUETTES FROM HIS WHEELCHAIR

THE delicately-executed silhouettes of George Hitt, one of which you see above, are remarkable for the inspiring story they represent. Fourteen years ago a healthy boy of 10 was stricken with arthritis in its most vicious form. It left him hopelessly crippled. When his mother gave him magazines and scissors to while away pain-filled hours in the hospital, he developed a talent for "shadow pictures." Recently the Federal Art Project of WPA has enabled him to win recognition outside his home town of Toccoa, Georgia, and now he is illustrating an edition of the famous Uncle Remus stories. Using his knees to hold the paper, and wielding shears that must be adjusted to his fingers each time he starts work, he snips out the pictures that are the evidence of his triumph over a cruel handicap.

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JUDITH EPSTEIN

WHO, AS PRESIDENT OF HADASSAH, HEADS A SOCIAL WELFARE ARMY

SUCCESSFUL social welfare work is nearly always in the hands of paid executives, but Judith Epstein is a notable exception to the rule. She is widely regarded as one of the most brilliant leaders in any welfare enterprise. Through two decades she has been an indefatigable volunteer worker, cheerleading Hadassah, the women's Zionist organization of America, into a group that now numbers 85,000 workers and whose philanthropies have grown to include charity hospitals, child welfare stations, rehabilitation schools, land settlement projects, and refugee care in Palestine. They aided in transferring 4,000 Jewish children from Europe. She is the club's president. While engaged in this work she has part of the time taught school—all of the time she has been a homemaker. A native of Worcester, Massachusetts, she is the wife of Moses P. Epstein and devoted mother of two grown children.

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"LITTLE SEAL" OLIVER

WHO IS RECORDING THE MUSIC OF A FAST-DYING FOLK—HIS OWN PEOPLE

AFTER successful years as a concert pianist and radio artist, Nutchuk "Little Seal" Oliver is returning to his homeland, the Aleutian Islands in the Arctic, to record and set down in musical score the folk songs of his own people, a race rapidly dying from the earth. Only about 450 Aleuts, most remote yet most civilized of the Eskimauan tribal groups, still live on the great chain of islands that extend almost to Asia. Born of an Eskimo mother and a Norwegian father, Nutchuk demonstrated a passion for music while still a very small child. Although he was diverted to medical school in Chicago, in his middle twenties he won a musical scholarship, whereupon he gleefully abandoned his anatomy textbooks on a streetcar. Now 34 years old, Nutchuk must relearn his native language as he starts working on his self-imposed task which he estimates will take at least two years to complete.

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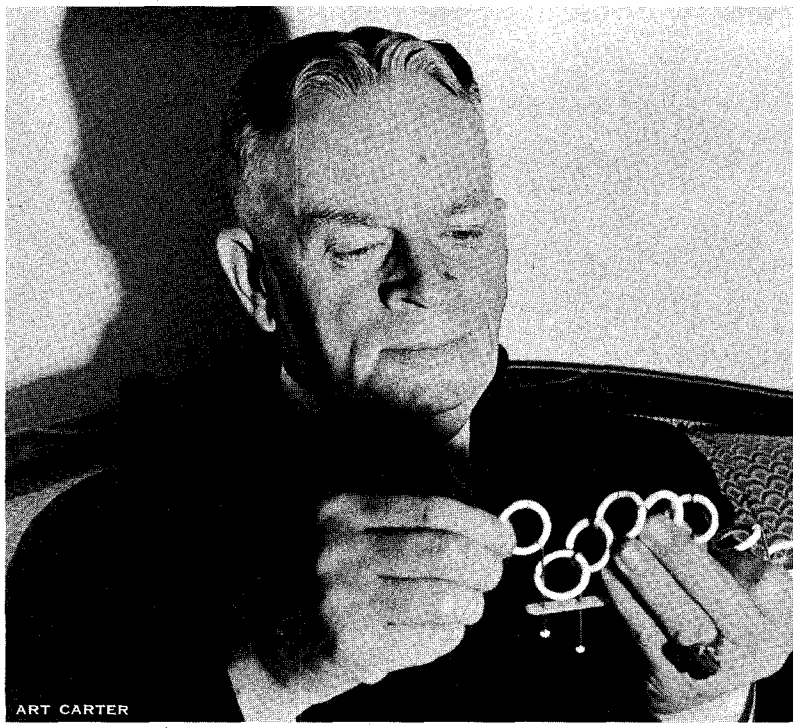

FRANK E. STINSON

WHO MADE ENOUGH MONEY TO RETIRE—BY CONFOUNDING CUSTOMERS

It's a little puzzling in itself—that so simple an expedient as distributing puzzles could help a business to prosperity. Because Frank E. Stinson owns the largest private collection of puzzles extant and can solve all 2,000, he was able to sell his Pomona, California, jewelry business and retire. From 1933 to 1936 every businessman was looking for a sales hypodermic. Stinson weekly gave away thousands of copies of his favorite puzzles. Sometimes he awarded a prize for the first solution, sometimes simply invited customers to drop in and see the puzzle worked. A crazy stunt? It sold jewelry. Stinson retired in a year not noted for prosperity. Now he spends time at Chinese tanagrams, geometric enigmas dating back 4,000 years, claims he will write the first English text on them one leisurely day.

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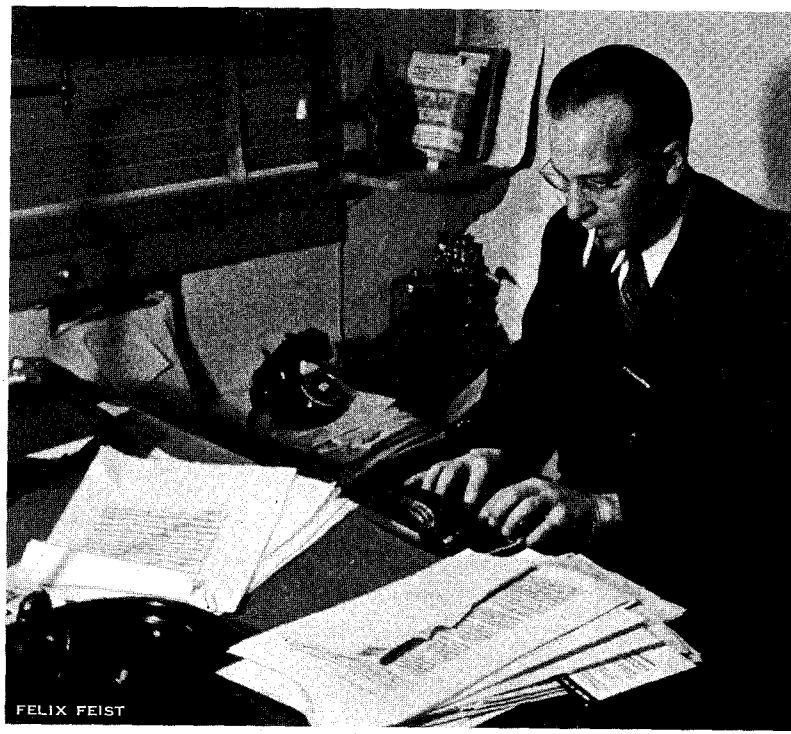

JACK WOODFORD

WHO WRITES NOVELS BY SCORES AND STORIES BY THE THOUSANDS

ONE of the most prolific writers of today is Jack Woodford. The title of the best-selling book on writing, his *Trial and Error*, reflects the author's own experience. He has been a hoofer, assistant bank cashier, telegraph operator. At 25 he sold his first story and for the next few years wrote frantically every moment away from his full-time job. More than 2,000 of his short stories have appeared in every type of publication, from the pulps to the slick quality magazines. Many of his 34 novels are translated into foreign languages. He holds the novel-dedication record with 50 books dedicated to him by other authors. Forty-five years old, he is centered in his daughter Louella, 20, a promising author and no mean critic of her dad's work. The past few years Woodford has been scenario-writing in Hollywood.

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Well, sir, here we are again Many issues have wended their way through the press between the publication of the previous editorial page in Coronet and this one. But now, by reasonably popular request, we're again having the last word. It is too much to hope that the restoration of the "editorial we" to the vocabulary of Coronet will be greeted by anything approaching hosannas and joyful shouts of acclamation. Yet nobody can sue us for trusting that the number of faces wearing that singularly annoying I-never-knew-you-were-away look will be at an absolute minimum.

* * *

The phoenix-like rebirth of the editorial page has come about just in time to allow the insertion of a few words edgewise concerning one of the mootest of the many moot points that have enlivened the scene since the first issue. (That issue, for the sake of the record, was dated November, 1936.) The point involved has been the legibility of the type in Coronet. As might naturally be expected, those who thought the type was quite readable just took it for granted and said nothing. Those who thought it was too small said plenty. There were a lot of mechanical wrinkles to be ironed out before we could arbitrate this one-sided argument in the only logical way possible. But now that the mechanics are safely disposed of, we've made our Solomonic decision. Starting with this issue, the larger type face you are reading will be standard equipment for Coronet. Those who were bothered by the smaller type now have a treat for their eyes. And those who thought the smaller type was perfectly legible can hardly enter the objection that the new type is too perfectly legible. It would be both ungrammatical and unreasonable, to say the very least.

* * *

The Coronet Taste-Tests have kicked up quite a reaction—all of it favorable except for one question in one test. But that one question was enough to bring down the roof. It was included in the very first test—in the February, 1939 issue—and it would seem, by all the evidence of all the people possessed of good taste, that our answer was wrong. We guess that's right, but there's no use mentioning which question it was. Somebody might hit us again.

* * *

The new issue of Coronet appears on the 25th of each month.

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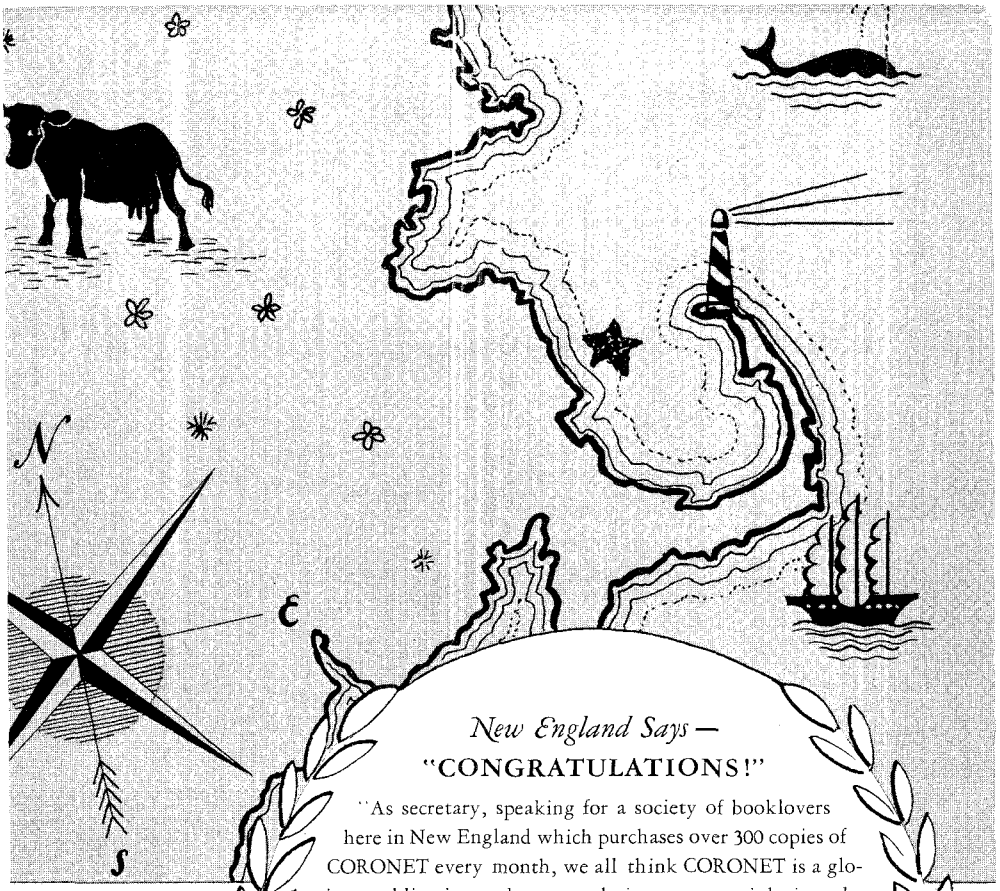

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"You certainly are publishing a unique and worth-while little magazine, and we all hope that CORONET will continue to be as enjoyable and positively delightful as it has been up to the present time."

—John V. Norris
Secretary, Mini-Book Club
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CORONET

for

MAY

1939

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ARNOLD GINGRICH BERNARD GEIS

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